

# KING EDGAR

AND

# ALFREDA.

A

## Tragi-Comedy,

Acted at the

## Theatre-Royal.

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Written

By EDWARD RAVENSCROFT, Gent.

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*Ilud quod medium est atque inter utrumque probamus. Mart.*

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LONDON,

Printed for M. Turner near Turn-Style in  
Holbourn. M. DC. LXXVII.

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READER,

INSTEAD of a Preface, I will only treat you with the Life of Edgar, as I find it in our *English Chronicles*; No Romance Affords more variety in so few words; and the pleasure of reading it will recompence the trouble.

*The* LIFE of EDGAR, King of the West Saxons.

EDGAR, by his Brother's death, became King of all England at Sixteen Years of age; but his Coronation when, and where, and by whom; is uncertain. Some say he was Crown'd at *Kingston* upon *Thames*, by *Odo* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, in the First Year of his Reign; others say not till the Twelfth; and *William of Malmsbury* not till the Thirtieth. Another Chronicle saith in his Eleventh year, and that in the City of *Bath*, by the hands of *Dunstan*, whom he call'd home out of *Flanders*, where he liv'd in Exile. This King had no Warr all his Reign, yet always well prepar'd for Warr; he govern'd the Kingdome in great Peace, Honour and Prosperity, gaining thence the Surname of *Peaceable*. The Saxons acknowledg'd him their sole Sovereign without Division of Provinces and Titles; under him ended the *Heptarchy*; till

## *The LIFE of Edgar,*

then the Land was cantl'd out into Seven Principalities.

His Acts were some Virtuouſ, ſome Politick, ſome Juſt, and ſome Pious, and ſome with a mixture of Vice; but thoſe related to Women.

His Care and Wiſdome was great in guarding the Coaſt round with Ships, to the Number of Three thouſand ſix hundred, which he divided into Four Squadrons to ſayl to and fro about the Four Quarters of the Land, meeting each other. Thus he kept out wiſely the Force of Strangers, prevented Foreign Warr, and ſecur'd the Coaſts from Pyrats. He would himſelf ſayl round his Kingdome once every Summer. In the Winter and Spring time he uſually Rode the Circuit as a Judge Itinerant through all his Provinces, to ſee Juſtice well adminiſter'd, and the poor not oppreſſed; he ſeverely puniſh'd his Judges, if he found them corrupted with Bribes.

To repreſſ Drunkenneſs which the Danes had brought in, he made a Law, ordaining a fine by certain pints in the Cup, with penalty to any that ſhou'd preſume to drink deeper then the Mark.

To clear the Land from Wolves which in his dayes did great annoyance to his Conuntry, he wholly remitted the Tribute impoſed on the Princes of Wales by King Athelſton, appointing in lieu thereof a certain Number of Wolves yearly to be paid, whereof the Prince of North Wales for his part was to pay Three hundred, which continu'd for Three years ſpace, and in the fourth year there was not a Wolf to be found, and ſo the Tribute ceaſ'd.

Towards



## King of the West Saxons.

Towards the end of his Reigne the *Welsh-men* mov'd some Rebellion, against whom he went with a Mighty Army, and chastis'd the Authors, but when his Souldiers had gotten great Spoils, and made prey upon the Innocent Country people, he commanded them to restore it all back again, which did make some few *English* angry, it pleas'd the whole Country of the *Welsh*, and rais'd him high in their admiration.

His Pious Acts were, that he built, and re-edify'd seven and forty Monasteries, and meant to have made them up Fifty, but was prevented by Death.

In his Progress going to *Chester*, he summon'd to his Court there all the Kings that held of him, took homage of them, their names are *Kened*, King of *Scots*; *Malcolm* of *Cumberland*; *Macaul* of the *Wes*; Five of *Wales*, *Duffnall*, *Hawell*, *Griffith*, *Jago*, *Judehill*. These he had in such awe, that going one day into a Gally, he caus'd them to take each man an Oar and row him down the River *Dee*, whilst himself sat at the Stern, saying, That his Successors might then glory to be Kings of *England*, when they had such Honour done them.

The same Year he gave to *Kened* the *Scottish* King many Rich Presents, and the whole Country of *Lothian* or *Lothien*, to hold of him on condition, That he and his Successors shou'd repair to the *English* Court at high Festivals when the King sat Crown'd; gave him also many Lodging places by the way, which till the dayes of *Henry* the Second, were still held by the Kings of *Scotland*.

He was of Stature not tall, of body slender, yet so well made, that in strength he chose to contend with  
such

## The LIFE of Edgar,

Such as were thought strongest, and dur'd nothing more, then that they shou'd spare him for Respect or fear to hurt him. A *Kened King* of *Scot*, then in the Court of *Edgar*, sitting one day at Table, was heard to say jestingly among his Servants, He wonder'd how so many Provinces could be held in subjection by such a little Supper-man. His words were brought to the King's Ear, he sends for *Kened* as about some private business, and in talk drawing him forth to a seerer place, produces two Swords, gave one of them to *Kened*; And now, saith he, he shall be try'd, which ought to be the Subject, for 'tis shameful for a King to boast at Table, and shrink in Fight. *Kened* abash'd demanded his pardon for what he had simply spoken and no way intended in contempt, or to his disparagement, wherewith the King was satisfy'd.

His Faults were, that he deslow'd a sacred Nun call'd *Wolfechild* on whom yet he begot a Saint, the *Chaste Euseb*. After her, he took another Virgin out by force, call'd *Ethelsel*, where she was plac'd by her Friends to avoid his pursuit. For her excellent Beauty she was call'd *Ethelsel the White*. He kept her as his Concubine, but liv'd not obstinately in the offence; for shortly reproved by the Archbishop *Dunstan*, he submitted to seven years penance.

Another Story there goes of him, that he chanc'd to hear of a Virgin, Daughter to a Western Duke, exceedingly prais'd for Beauty, and coming to *Andover*, commanded her to his Bed. The Mother not daring fully to deny, yet abhorring that her Daughter shou'd

## King & the West Saxons.

be so deflow'd; brought in the dark her Maid to him  
dress'd in her Daughters Cloaths. A Wench it seems  
not unhandson nor unwitty, who supply'd the place  
of her Young Lady. In the Morn'g making haste  
to rise, day light scarce yet appearing, was by the King  
ask'd why she made such haste? She answered, To do the  
Work her Lady bid her, not daring to hazard her displea-  
sure by no longer stay. By which words the King per-  
ceiv'd the Deceit, and turn'd it to a Jest. But so well  
lik'd her company, that he kept her with him, advanc'd  
her in Honour above her Mistress, and made her take  
place of her in publick; Lov'd her and accompany'd  
her only till he marry'd *Alfreda*.

*Alfreda* was the only Daughter of *Ordgar* Duke of  
Devonshire, Founder of *Tarvestock* Abby in that Coun-  
ty. She was extremely cry'd up for a Beauty; the  
King hearing the loud Commendations, sent his Fa-  
vourite *Earl Egelwold* to see her, intending if she were  
found such as answer'd report, to demand her in Mar-  
riage. The Young *Earl* at sight of the Lady was so  
surpriz'd with Love, that he began to court her for  
himself, and concealing the Kings Intentions, got her  
Fathers consent. Hereupon the *Earl* posted to the  
King, told him that the Lady was fair indeed, but no-  
thing answerable to the fame that went of her; yet  
desir'd the King that he might marry her, as being her  
Fathers Heir, thereby to raise his Fortunes. The  
King consented, and he took another Journey to con-  
summate the Marriage. Soon after the Fame of her  
Beauty began to spread more than before; The King

began

## THE LIFE of Edgar,

began to doubt he had been abus'd, and to find out  
 the truth, sent the Earl word, that he would come  
 and hunt with him in his Park. *Edelwald* fearing the  
 Event, and to grove his deceit from the King's Eyes,  
 acquainted his Wife with the wrong he had done both  
 her and the King, and earnestly requested her to de-  
 form her self what she could either in Dress or other-  
 wise, lest the King whose Amorous inclination was  
 not unknown, should chance to be attracted. But she  
 considering, that now was the time to make the most  
 of her Beauty, and longing to be a Queen would not  
 be accessory to her own wrong. Against his coming  
 she us'd all her Art in Dressing, put on her Richest  
 Cloaths, and omitted nothing might make her appear  
 charming in his Eyes, which took effect, for the  
 King at first sight was struck with admiration, and in  
 mind resolv'd to recover his intercepted right, and to  
 punish the Interloper of his destin'd Spouse. But hid  
 his resentments under a clear brow, appointing, as  
 was usual, a day of Hunting in a Forrest now call'd  
*Flowerwood*, where in the midst of the Sport singling out  
 the Earl, struck him through with a Dart or Javelin.  
 It chanced that the Earl's base Son coming by upon  
 the Fact, the King sternly ask'd him, *How he lik'd this*  
*Game?* He submissly reply'd, *I That Whatever pleas'd the*  
*King, must not displease him.* The King for this Answer  
 took an Affection to the Youth, and ever after highly  
 favour'd him, making amends in the Son for what he  
 had done to the Father. *Matfreda* was not long a Wi-  
 dow, for after this he made her his Queen, who to  
 expiate her former Husband's death, though therein

He had no hand, cover'd the place of his blood shed  
with a Monastery of Nunns to sing over him.

This King built the Monastery of *Ramsay* in  
*Hampshire*. He Reigned Sixteen years, Liv'd Seven  
and thirty, and with great Funeral Pomp was  
Buried in the Abby of *Glassenbury*.

These only are his Faults upon Record, rather  
to be wonder'd how they were so few, and so soon  
left, he coming at Sixteen to the Licence of a Scepter;  
and that his Virtues were so many, and so ma-  
ture, he dying before the age wherein Wisdom can  
in others attain to any ripeness: However, with  
him dy'd all the Saxon Glory. After him was no-  
thing heard but their Decline and Ruine.

For the Fact of *Ethelwold's* Death, this King is  
Censur'd by most Historians as Cruel and Tyranni-  
cal; but consider'd well, it may be judg'd more  
favourably, and that no Man of sensible spirit, but  
in his place, without extraordinary Perfection, wou'd  
have done the like; for next to Life, what worse  
Treason cou'd have been committed against him.  
From this last Act of his I draw the Argument of  
this Play, taking notice of no passage of his Life, but  
his Love to *Alfreda*.

I have introduced new Persons to raise a Plot,  
and vary'd from the *Chronicle*, to better the Cha-  
racter of the King; Knowing that the Criticks in  
Poetry are more Censorious and Severe, than the  
Historians.

Several Forreign Authors have writ upon this  
part of the Story; some have disguis'd it under bor-







## PROLOGUE to EDGAR.

**T**His Play at least Ten Tears ago was writ,  
A time, when th' Author had more Zeal than Wits;  
But pondering on't he found it won't not do,  
Without Romantick Love and mighty show.

And nothing pleas'd you in those dayes two Rymes,  
From Four to Seven we daily rung the Chymes;  
Long did you hear, and long the sound did please,  
But now——

I are surfeited, and Verse grows a Disease,  
Well be forbore, and well has nick'd the time,  
If Sense may do that it not should with Ryme.  
If Heroes too that are no more than men,  
May be allow'd to tread the Stage agen.

If Lovers may be Lovers, yet not by fits  
Rave and discourse like Folks beside their wits.  
But if you'll still have Poets wrack their Brain  
For Sense that shall your Understandings strain——

To Verse we will return——  
And once more let the Goss-Hawk fancy fly,  
That beats the Aire and flutters in the Sky,  
Sports for a while in view, but takes a flight  
On th' sudden, and flies clearly out of sight.  
Still there remains the Musick of her Heells,  
And all you hear's the gingle of her Bells.  
But Humane Actions now in Playes allow,  
And bus'ness such as does from Nature flow,  
Let not what's natural be counted Low;  
We have no Rant, no Rapine, nor high flight,  
The Poet makes us Men and Women all to Night.

THE SCENE

of Middle England

The

# The Persons Names.

*Edgar* ——— King of the *West Saxons*. ——— *Mr. Mobun.*

*Ethelwold* ——— { A Lord and Favourite } *Mr. Goodman.*  
in Court,

*Ruthin* ——— { An Ambirious design- } *Mr. Burt.*  
ing Lord, Father to  
the Queen.

*Aldernald* ——— { A Young Admiral, } *Mr. Clark.*  
Brother to *Alfreda*.

*Oswold* ——— { A Gentleman of the } *Mr. Wilsbire.*  
Court, Brother to  
*Hillaria*.

*Durzo*. ——— A Blunt Sea Captain. ——— *Mr. Griffin.*

*Courtiers and Guards.*

## W O M E N.

*The Queen* ——— *Mrs. Knigh.*

*Matilda* ——— The Princess. ——— *Mrs. Bowtell.*

*Alfreda* ——— { Bride to *Ethelwold*, and } *Mrs. Frances Baker.*  
Daughter to *Ordgare*  
Earl of *Devonshire*.

*Hillaria* ——— A Young Lady at Court ——— *Mrs. Katherine Baker.*

*Alicia* ——— Confidant to the Princess ——— *Mrs. Rafter.*

*Court Ladies and Attendants.*

The SCENE,

*Mercia, or Middle England.*

# ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Curtain drawn up, an Altar is discovered, Aldernald giving Alfreda to Ethelwold in Marriage, an Abbot joining their hands, with Monks attending him, Ruthin looking and smiling. After a while the Scene closes. Then enters*

*Lord Ruthin and a Servant.*

## Scene the Body of the Church.

*Ruth.* 'TIS done, 'tis done!

*Alfreda is to Ethelwold a Bride.*

Now let the busie tongues of Flatterers

No more whisper her praises to the King,

But speak 'em loud, till their enchanting Echoes  
Again reach his ear.

Now in his love, my Daughter will have no Corrivals

And when this Marriage is divulg'd

I in his favour shall have no Competitors.

Go find out the common Musick of the Town,

Place 'em in the street, near *Ethelwold's* Apartment

Close to the Pallace Garden wall.

Thence will their noise o're all the Court be heard.

*Ser.* I shall my Lord.

*Ruth.* Give 'em instructions, and let 'em be in readiness.

*Ser.* Yes my Lord.

*Ruth.* This credulous *Aldernald* will put a stop

To thy early rising greatness.

Brave thou art, but young and unexperienc'd :

Of thy Friend too confident, of thy King

Too suspicious, of Honour too jealous.

But to thee, rash amorous *Ethelwold*

That art ensnar'd by Beauty,

Enchanted by a face, and in Love besotted,

To thee it will give a lasting fall.

B

*Enter*

*Enter Aldernald.*

My Lord where is the Bridegroom and your Sister ?

*Alder.* I have taken my leave of 'em at present.  
That Company which is coming to their Devotions  
May not suspect what has been done.  
I would not have the King know of their marriage  
Before the Queen has perfectly recover'd her health.

*Ruth.* She has not of three days felt any symptoms  
Of her Feaver, she rested well last night :  
I was with her this morning early.

*Alder.* Holds she her last nights resolution  
To venture abroad to day ?

*Ruth.* Yes,  
This I count will be her wedding day too.  
For though the Marriage-Rites have been perform'd,  
The greatest Ceremony is yet to come.  
Marriages begin at the Altar,  
But in the bed are Consummate.

*Alder.* I have not heard the like accident,  
She sickn'd at the Altar ?

*Ruth.* Yes, at the very instant the Priest join'd their hands,  
Her health was so vigorously assayl'd,  
That the Ceremony was scarce finish'd  
When she fell into her womens arms.

*Alder.* Has not the King e're since bin much concern'd ?

*Ruth.* 'T has been a melancholly week with him,  
But her recovery will wipe away  
All sad resentments from his soul.  
You will not long be absent.

*Alder.* I'll but dispatch an expresse to my Father,  
To let him understand that in your presence  
I have resign'd the Charge of my Sister.  
I know the return of his Letters  
Will be fraught with thanks to your Lordship.  
For your advice and friendship in this affair.

*Ruth.* I wish he were here himself

To share the mirth and pleasures of the day.

*Alder.* Age has render'd him unfit for Journeys.

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* My Lord I'll to Court before, you'll be there anon?

*Alder.* My appearance will give a surprize  
For my arrival last night was so private  
It cannot yet be known to any.

I had advice too early this morning  
That the Fleet is coming up the River----

*Ruth.* That's very lucky, we'll meet anon.

*Alder.* My Lord your Servant. *Exeunt severally.*

*Enter Ethelwold and Alfreda, as from the Altar into the  
Body of the Church.*

*Ethel.* Till now I shad but Heavens imperfect Bounty,  
Which when it gave thy heart,  
Snatch'd me from thy embrace,  
Not permitting us as other Lovers  
To repeat our amorous vows:  
But now it gives thee to me for ever.  
And hastens on the happy minute  
Which I have wish'd, and languish'd for so long,  
Now is our Fate entirely kind.

*Alfred.* Kind indeed to me my Lord, it gives  
What I never yet enjoy'd Liberty.  
No more, now your wife shall I be confin'd  
To Country solitude, and life obscure.  
No more be debarr'd the gaities of Courts,  
The delights of Cities, and publick Gallantries,  
Which yet I never knew but by Relation.

*Ethel.* Thy presence from thy Fathers Palace  
Had banish'd solitude and turn'd it to a Court,  
Though far from any Town or City,  
Yet all around came there to admire  
And to adore thy heavenly form.

*Alfred.* Such as pass for great ones there  
Told me that I was fair and beautiful.  
But men are not more apt to dissemble,  
Then women to believe their flatteries,  
Valuing it from their praises.  
I dispis'd their little Courtships:  
I had a fond opinion this face



Might not shame the Court, therefore resolv'd  
That Marriage should transfer me to that Sphear.

*Ethel.* O Pride! thou untaught vice in woman  
That from her very nature tak'st thy being

*Alfred.* When yon Lord *Ethelwold* appear'd  
With the many Charms of Court about you,  
Great in your Family and long descent,  
Greater in the favour of your Prince,  
I thought my Pride not much above your Glory  
And therefore taught my heart submission.

*Ethel.* She does confess her Pride.

*Aside.*

And with't Ambition too appears,  
To what ills do's Love perswade, how fatal  
The fury of an Amorous King will be  
And the Revenge of an Ambitious Woman,  
I'll trace her Ambition yet farther,  
And see how far it goes beyond her Love.  
Suppose a Lady to have two Lovers,  
One her equal, whom with an unbiass'd  
Affection she esteems:

Another, less lov'd by her, but greater much  
In Titles and in Riches than his Rival;  
Which ought she to make her choice?

*Alfred.* It is noble to aspire, and argues a great Soul.  
Therefore I think Ambition should raise  
Her Love, Love not debase her Pride.

*Ethel.* But to choose where most she loves  
Argues the truest Love.

*Alfred.* But not the wisest.

*Ethel.* Did any thing but Love negotiate for me  
In your thoughts? Love, true Love I mean,  
Sets no regard on wealth or honours.

*Alfred.* Without them I might have lov'd  
But not marry'd.

*Ethel.* Your beauty alone, made me your Captive,  
And your virtues will make the conquest  
Of your eyes a lasting victory.

*Alfred.* This little Prudence which the World calls Pride,  
Is the best Guard and Ornament to Beauty.  
Yet had it lost its triumph over Love,



If Love o're my Soul had not a greater made.

*Esbel.* You so exactly have determin'd  
That I must praise your judgment.  
And your Love admire----

How inquisitive I've been to know my Fate, *Aside.*  
Which now I have not power to avoid.

Forewarn'd I was, yet could not retreat,  
But still prest forward to my ruine  
Come my divine *Alfreda*, let us go

Where we our joys more freely may express,  
To shady walks, where Love has no restraint :  
There sit and look, and from our eyes dart beams

That in our Souls shall kindle vigorous flames,  
Till both of us grow red with inward fire,  
And both do burn, and glow with one desire :

There we will sit, and wish away the Light,  
And chide the Day for keeping back the Night. *Exeunt.*

*The King and Queen sleeping in an Arbor hand in hand.*

*Matilda sitting on the other hand of the King awake.*

*Alicia plying a soft Ayr on the Lute, and singing to't.*

# SONG.

How sweet a torment 'tis to love ?

And ah how pleasant is the pain ?

I would not if I could remove

And now put off the amorous chain.

Though Chloris eyes do give me Laws :

And me of liberty beguile

I like a Martyr love my cause

And on my fair tormentor smile.

*Matt.* *Alicia* lay aside thy Lute  
For sleep has rob'd them of the sound.

*Alic.* The King asleep.

*Matt.* Sure Souls are neer ally'd to harmony.  
That Musick so strangely can affect them.

Mine sweetly languish'd with each dying sound  
And from the pleasing trance as often wak'd.

As thy skilful fingers gave bolder touches  
To the strings.

*Alic.* From this relation Madam I may guess  
You are inclin'd to Melancholy.

But you are a Princess and in all things happy,  
And therefore rather then judge that your temper,  
I may with more reason conclude it the effect  
Of my unskilful Play. For if not melancholy,  
Such ill Musick was enough to make you so.

*Matt.* Condemning your skill you wrong my Judgment  
But why infer'd you that a Princess could not be melancholy.

*Alic.* A Princess cannot except it be for Love.

*Matt.* Then I am far from it.

*Alic.* You are Madam.

Your youth and beauty gives you  
A universal Empire over hearts :  
You cannot love in vain, therefore can be  
No melancholy Lover.

*Matt.* Suppose I lov'd one that was dead ?

*Alic.* O Madam I have a better opinion of your wit  
Then to think you can love any but the living.

*Matt.* Suppose he be absent or in danger ?

*Alic.* Then I suppose he would soon be here if he knew it,  
And from ill, your love is Divinity  
Sufficient to defend him.

*Matt.* To put an end to these Arguments,  
Tell me *Alicia* your opinion of that Picture :  
Is it not an excellent piece of Art ?

*Alic.* Admirably well done and rarely handsom.

*Matt.* Sure too handsom for a man.

*Alic.* Here's much of Gallantry in's looks.  
If I may be so bold, pray Madam whose is't ?

*Matt.* 'Tis no secret,

'Tis *Aldernalds* the young Admiral,  
That has done such glorious things at Sea.

*Alic.* Fame speaks his praises loud.

*Matt.* The King my Brother gave it me, and with it  
This Relation of his last great action.  
That in the late Engagement  
He gave such remarks of's valour,

That

That the old Admiral by wounds disabled,  
 Whilst yet he had life gave him his sword,  
 Who took it with a resolution  
 To stand in's place a Conqueror or dye.

*Alic.* It was a noble resolve.

*Matt.* Then sayling in the midst of his Enemies,  
 Grap'd with their insulting Admiral,  
 Himself the first man that boarded him,  
 Made way to that proud Commander,  
 And in the crowd of his opposers  
 Reach'd his heart, and soon clear'd all the Decks.

*Alic.* He bravely then Reveng'd his Admirals fall.

*Matt.* And now Commander of his Enemies ship,  
 With the dead Admiral lying at his foot,  
 The great Flag up and all the gaudy Streamers  
 Wavering in the air, in triumph say'd  
 From the midst of them to his disheartn'd Fleet,  
 Who took such courage at that sight,  
 Each Captain strove which first shou'd wonders do:  
 And fighting by that brave example,  
 Destroy'd their foes, and ruin'd their whole Fleet.  
 For this brave service the King confirm'd him Admiral,  
 And think he's still indebted to his valour.

*Alic.* O how I cou'd love so brave a man!

*Matt.* Thou love him *Alicia*.

*Alic.* Oh Madam, are you jealous? then I perceive  
 You love him.

*Matt.* I love him? I have never seen him.  
 Follow me *Alicia* to the next walk.

*Exit Mat. cum Ali.*

*Queen.* Ha! he sleeps still.

*Enter Ruth.*

*Ruth.* The King asleep.

*Queen.* Yes Sir.

*Ruth.* How was his humor this morning,  
 Show'd he any signs of mirth?

*Queen.* Not extraordinary.

*Ruth.* Was he kind to thee?

*Queen.* Yes Sir.

*Ruth.*

*Ruth.* But was he fond of thee?  
Was he glad to see thy health restor'd?

*Queen.* He express'd so much in words,  
But from his looks I guess'd  
He had some trouble in his mind,  
Which by his kind expressions he endeavour'd  
To conceal from me.

I believe the Princess observ'd it too,  
For after some discourse past betwixt us  
She commanded a Lady to fetch a Lute,  
To play and sing to'to relieve his mind,  
Which she did till the sweetness of the Musick  
Depriv'd him of the pleasure of hearing it.

*Ruth.* He begins to wake.  
Retire to the Princess in the next walk  
Till I have had discourse with him  
Concerning business of State--

*Exit Queen.*

*King.* Ha! she's gone.

*Ruth.* The Queen and Princess, Sir, are in the next walk

*King.* *Alfreda's* gone.

*Ruth.* *Alfreda* still revels in his thoughts.

*King.* O *Ruthin*! in my Dream I saw a cloud descend  
Beautiful as if it had pass'd the blushes  
Of the setting Sun, adorn'd with streaks of red,  
And little sprays of light, as if some beam  
Had been untwisted into Golden threads  
And through his airy Fleece had shot  
Their trembling lustres,

Admiring it, and fixt in wonder I thought  
I saw it open, and like Curtains draw,  
Divided thus, O what did I not see?

I beheld Heaven in it's glory. I saw  
A Woman with blushes more beautiful  
And eyes more radiant, an Army of *Cupids*  
Flew brandishing their Darts above her head,  
As if she came to conquer all mankind  
With love. My heart told me this could be none  
But *Alfreda*, I call'd her to my embrace,  
And stretching out my arms to receive her,  
(My eyes which till then never descended

From

From the bright glories of her Face) espy'd  
 About her waste a Serpent in Folds,  
 Which hissing snatch'd her from me.  
 The clouds, and all this Scene of Beauty vanish'd.  
 With the surprize I started, then wak'd :  
 My Dreams conspire with fame to exalt her Beauty.  
 Though my Imaginations err, why should that ?  
 She is still the favourite of Report  
 And Opinions Idol.

*Ruth.* A Glow-worm in the Country is thought as luminous  
 As a Star, she is a beauty though homely, where  
 No one is fairer than her self.

*King.* In this her picture brought me by the Earl  
 I discover something excellent,  
 But nothing to admiration.  
 The Queens Beauty much excels.

*Ruth.* When she shin'd in a firmament alone  
 Her beauty was thus magnifi'd by Fame,  
 But in the Court-Spear it appears not  
 Of so extraordinary a magnitude.

*Alfreda* too, plac'd in the throng of Beauties,  
 And look'd on by Court-eyes,  
 Wou'd not appear so great a wonder.

*Enter Queen, Matilda, Alicia, Oswold at another Door.*

*Oswo.* Aldernald, the young Admiral is arriv'd.

*King.* Admit him.

*Mat.* Aldernald arriv'd ?

*Oswo.* Yes Madam.

*Enter Aldernald.*

*King.* Come thou man of honour and of valour :  
 Thou early aspirer to fame and virtue :  
 Come near, let my armes receive thee,  
 As a blessing sent from heaven.

*Alder.* I wish I merited the bounty of your expressions.

*King.* Thou art the wonder of young men.



Your honours spread with the wide Ocean,  
And your virtues first make you man.

*Matilda*, here turn thine eyes,

This is the man,

Whose glorious deeds of late have been

The subject of our discourse and fame:

This is that brave young warrior,

I often told thee of with praise and wonder.

*Matt.* Fame is the Mistress of his Soul,

Whom he does Court with so much gallantry,

He fills the world with admiration:

*Queen.* He is the glory of the young, & wonder of the old.

*Ald.* My little services are paid with too great acknowledg-

And I must blush my merits are no more.

*Ruth.* Yes, you shall have cause to blush anon

These smiles shall vanish like winter-Sun

And thy Laurels soon wither on thy brow.

*King.* Madam your health makes this a happy day.

It shall be dedicate to mirth and pleasure,

And your presence will much encrease our joy.

*Enter Oswald, and Durzo.*

*Osw.* Look you Sir, there's your Admiral.

*Dur.* Why here's a place a man can't find the way

In or out with both his eyes open. I can walk

All about my Frigot in my sleep,

Fore and aft, upper Deck and lower Deck,

And return to my Cabin without waking.

*Alder.* *Durzo* here!

*Dur.* Admiral our Fleet is come into the River,

We want your further Orders. Our men

Are all for coming ashore, they leap

Over board as if their ships were on fire.

*Alder.* Be uncover'd you are in the presence of the King.

*King.* Who is this?

*Alder.* The valiant *Durzo*.

One that shar'd with me the hazards

And the glories of the last great fight.

*Dur.* Heaven bless the King say I.

*Alder.*



*Alder.* A stout Souldier tho a blunt Courtier,  
He was born in a ship, and never was  
Five miles on shoar in his life;  
He scarce knows any thing of Land affairs  
Beyond a Sea-port Town or Haven.

*King.* I like him well, he looks  
As if fighting was his business.

*Alder.* He is yet but Commander of a small ship  
But hopes his merits may advance him.

*King.* I'll think to do it so that he shall own  
To hold part of our favours from our bounty.

*Oswo.* Come Captain, now we'll have you to the Wardrobe.

*Dur.* What place is that? do they fight or drink there?

*Oswo.* 'Tis one of his Majesties Store-houses,  
You must be new rigg'd Captain,  
The Ladies won't like the smell of pitch and tar.

*Dur.* Not like it, which of 'em won't like it?  
Come Captain, follow me

*Exeunt Os. & Dur.*

*Alder.* So great a beauty have I never seen. *Looking at Matilda.*

*King.* Thy looks *Matilda* are not chearful,

*Mat.* Mine is but a Copy of that Melancholy  
Which of late like a Cloud hung on your brow. *(Friend,*

*King.* That Cloud is now dispers'd. Come my Queen, my  
This day restores peace to my mind.

*Mat.* But here engenders war.

*Exeunt.*

*Alic.* Her unsteady looks  
And the quick changes of her Countenance,  
Betray some alteration in her mind;  
And when she turn'd away she sigh'd.  
If from Love it does proceed,  
Shee'll soon the secrets of her heart Reveal;  
Lovers but seldom can their flames conceal.

*Exit.*

## ACT II.

*Enter Aldernald and Durzo.*

*Alder.* Durzo hast thou observ'd the glorious tincture  
The rising Sun spreads 'ore the Eastern skie  
When he begins his Circuit?

*Dur.* I have.

*Alder.* And have you not heard tell of Nations  
That fall down to adore its brightness?

*Dur.* Yes, but the more fools they.

*Alder.* They would be so, had They beheld the sight  
That Thou and I have seen to day  
Without forgetting former worship,  
And here pay their Reverence;  
'Twould turn that which we call in them  
Idolatry, to just adoration.

*Dur.* Why what have we seen to day?

*Alder.* A form whose excellent brightness mocks  
The most beauteous shapes that Angels  
Ever were invested with; a form, that would  
Give Verity to Fiction, and make that truth  
Which was related once for wonder.

*Dur.* What mean you Admiral?

*Alder.* I mean the Princess.

*Dur.* She's a woman.

*Alder.* Something sure much finer.

*Dur.* Why Admiral? a woman's the finest thing  
I ever saw, except a Canon mounted,  
And a ship under sail, but now I talk  
Of ships, wou'd I were aboard agen.

*Alder.* Why Captain?

*Dur.* There I should understand what you say.  
As I am a living man, you speak nothing  
But Riddles on land--- Why Admiral

What

What means this glorious tincture,  
 Resplendent Deiry, Beauteous Shapes,  
 Forms, Angels, and the Devil and all.  
 What's all this to the Princess, I am a shark if I can  
 Guess at your meaning. 'Sbud I say she's a woman.

*Enter Matilda.*

*Alder.* Behold, all I was talking of appears.  
 Observe her perfections, and thy dull sense  
 Will be instructed to mend its errors.  
 Dost thou not think the sight of her  
 Makes thee Immortal?

*Dur.* Immortal! what a rare thing would that be  
 For a Souldier?

*Alder.* Oh *Durzo*, that I might ever  
 Gaze upon the glories of that form?

*Mat.* His Form, his Meen, his Looks, how great  
 In each, how much of Gallantry I see!

*Alder.* Love in my heart has rais'd its sacred Altar,  
 And there I pay a secret adoration  
 To the Divinity of that face.  
 That it were permitted  
 I might more than Contemplate.

*Mat.* He regards me at distance,  
 But moves not nearer; O that he wou'd  
 But speak to me to oblige my stay.

*Alder.* O Love!

*Alder.* O Conquering eyes!

*Alder.* I'de speak but dare not,

She's a Princess, and my Love is presumption.

*Matt.* I'de tell him, but must not,

He's a Subject, and my Love is below me.

*Alder.* O tyrannical Love!

*Ald.* My passions more raging.

*Alder.* Be silent I cannot,

*Alder.* Madam,

*Alder.* O my heart!

*Alder.* What confusion!

*Dur.* Admiral, what makes you start?

*Alder.* She's unconcern'd and minds me not.

*Ald. & Matt. advance on the Stage, looking on one another at distance.*

*Matt.* O my heart!

*Matt.* O resistless charms!

*Matt.* O tyrannical Honour?

*M.* My flames more tormenting.

*M.* To conceal't is impossible.

*Matt.* Sir,

*Matt.* O Heaven!

*Matt.* What distraction!!

*Enter,*

*Enter Oswald, Alicia and Hilaria.*

*Osw.* There, *Hilaria*, is the Captain I told you of.

*Hila.* He looks as rough as a storm.

*Osw.* I'll bring him amongst the Ladies anon.

*Alic.* His Company will be good divertisement.

*Dur.* O here's another crew.

*Alder.* Wee'l avoid 'em.

I am not now for Company-- Come *Durzo*.

I turn from glory, and from heaven.

*Ald. getting at Mar.*

*and she at him, with*

*Durzo, Osw. Alic.*

*Hil. follow.*

*Matt.* Heart hold thy seat in spite of all his charms.

The liberty thou struggl'st for is Bondage.

His conquest will enslave thee-- but my eyes

Are too much thy friends, with the enemy

They hold Intelligence, but I'll break it off. So

My heart is once more

Seated in its Throne.

*Turns away her head laying her right hand*

*on her eye. Then starts and claps the other*

*on her breast, then both.*

But had he staid the field he must have won.

*Alic.* I see Madam the Admiral is gotten into harbour.

*Matt.* Hold *Alicia*: Trust not thy thoughts to words.

Least they be heard by others, with care conceal

This secret, which I had not power to hide.

Hard Law of Custome to impose restraint

On minds Impartial Nature ordain'd free.

She knew the seeds of Passion which she sow'd

In humane breasts, were in each Sex the same,

And wou'd with time grow up to equal strength:

And wisely therefore left our wills

As unconfin'd as man's. O Tyrant Custome!

But more Tyrants men, whose Censures do

Uphold that power is usurp'd of thee.

They blame the Passions we unurg'd reveal;

Yet feel the same, but cannot theirs conceal.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter King and Aldernald.*

*King.* I with *Alfreda's* form had given report  
Just ground to proclaim her Natures miracle.  
The Earl by me was sent to view her Beauties.

*Alder.* Heavens ! Did he for this call me from the Camp?  
Shall I, ungrateful King, from thy own mouth *Aside.*  
Be told how ill thou didst intend to requite  
The service I have done ?

*King.* If *Esbeowold* had confirm'd my belief  
That in *Alfreda* those many graces met  
Fame so loudly has bestow'd on her,  
She should have been my Queen.

*Alder.* Your Queen !

*King.* Yes *Aldernald*, if Love, or that title  
Had charmes to win her heart.  
I ever thought thy loyal Family  
Worthy my Allyance, and by this tye  
Design'd to advance its antient glory.

*Alder.* Indeed Sir, had she been your Queen ?

*King.* Yes *Aldernald*, my Queen--why this wonder ?

*Alder.* I cannot Sir but wonder,  
If she should have been your Queen, why she was not.

*King.* Look there, and let all wonder cease. *Gives him the Picture.*  
Not wanting Allyes, nor necessitated

To marry for State-Interest,

I propos'd to indulge my Genius,

That Beauty should Crown my Nuptials with Love,

The solid blessing of a married life,

A blessing Princes but rarely find.

No Country more than this for Beauty fam'd;

My intents conceal'd, a general Collection

Of their Pictures that were much renown'd,

I procur'd. Of all that number

None but that one excell'd *Alfreda*.

*Alder.* This the Queens, it do's her beauty Justice.  
This *Alfreda's*--This my Sister's ?

*King.* Yes, is it not like her ?

*Alder.* I have a piece more exact *Takes a Picture out of his pocket, & shows it to King.*

*King.*



*King.* O what Charms are here!  
How like the Beauty of my mornings dream!  
*Alfred* was that Heav'nly form, *Ethelwold*  
Was the Serpent that bore away that Scene of Glory,

*Enter Ruthin.*

I have been betray'd.

*Ruth.* Sir, in what?

There read the Treason, thence guess the Traytor:

*Enter Ruthin  
the Pictures.*

What Musick is this so loud?

[*Musick without.*

*Ruth.* This Musick will discover all.

*Alder.* Not all my Lord.

*Enter Oswold.*

*King.* The occasion of this Publick joy?

*Osw.* Earl *Ethelwold* is this morning married,

*King.* And who is his Bride?

*Alder.* My Sister Sir?

*King.* Thy Sister! in Town! and married! this morning!  
And to *Ethelwold*! when came she?

*Alder.* With me last night.

*King.* What reasons urg'd this haste?

And to conceal your self and her?

*Alder.* To preserve her Honour.

*King.* Her Honour? what danger cou'd attend it?

*Alder.* The Earl sent by you to my Father, declared that  
You design'd--

*King.* What?

*Alder.* My Faith's so criminal  
Shame will not let me speak it.

*King.* What said he I design'd?

*Alder.* Sir, read it in my blushes,  
Or think the worst and that is it.

*King.* O my apprehensions!

Speak *Aldernald*, what was't?

*Alder.* The dishonour of our Family.

*King.* O Impiety!

*Ald.* That you wou'd make her not your Queen, but whore

*King.*



*King.* O Prophanation!

*Alder.* Our hope's not so ambitious to believe  
Our Family merited that Honour  
With ease gave credit to the other.

*King.* When Fame had made such often repetitions  
Of her Excellencies, you on his single assertion  
Might as justly suspect my Virtue,  
As I her Beauty. If you yet doubt me,  
There's one can witness my intentions [Turns to Ruthin.  
To her and to your Family were just.

*Alder.* And he can witness too the Earl's deceit.  
So positively he affirm'd this for truth,  
That he believ'd it too;  
For my Father was guided by his Counsels,  
Which he receiv'd by Letters.

*King.* How!

*Alder.* After the Earl return'd to Town,  
And had obtain'd your leave to marry her,  
Being to return agen into the Countrey,  
When upon account of business  
You countermanded his journey,  
We grew suspicious of your intents;  
And then my Lord there, zealous in our service,  
Counsel'd she should be brought to Town,  
And married here.

*King.* He counsel this?

*Alder.* Wisely concluding, that when you knew  
The Honour of two such Families were concern'd,  
'Twou'd be a prevailing argument  
To alter your Intentions.

*King.* He advis'd like a Friend.— Earl Odgare  
Acted as a Father, you like a Brother:  
'Tis a Virtue to be jealous of our Honour.

*Alder.* But not of our Prince.

*King.* The fault was *Ethelwold's*,—but I pardon all;  
His Crimes were but Errors of Love,  
Which is the madness of the mind.  
Tell him I'll be his Guest this day at dinner,  
But conceal my knowledge of his Guilt.  
I'de have his mindrest in a confidence

I think him Innocent. That all his Thoughts  
May be employ'd to heighten the pleasures  
He this night must ravish from his Bride.

*Alder.* Mercy is the Monarch-Virtue in a Prince, [*Exeunt*]  
And that is the Ornament of your Soul. *Ruth.* *Alder.*  
*King.* False Traitor has Love his Loyalty betray'd?  
Those Eyes must have powerful Charms can draw  
The hearts of Subjects from their Allegiance. [*Exeunt*]

*Enter Ofwold, Durzo.*

*Dur.* But what do you with these Ladies here?

*Ofw.* We Court, Complement, and Gallant 'em.

*Dur.* What is that Courting 'em?

*Ofw.* Sometimes 'tis call'd making Love to 'em.

You must have a Mistress if you stay long at Court.

*Dur.* Must I, which of 'em?

*Ofw.* Her you like best.

*Dur.* Why I like 'em all.

*Ofw.* You must appropriate but one.

*Dur.* I'de have a whole Tier of 'em.

*Ofw.* Every man must have his share.

Make choice of her you think most handsome.

*Dur.* But how may a man know a handsome Woman?

*Ofw.* I'll give you the description of my Mistress

For a Pattern to choose one by.—

She has Hair, I know not how to term it,

Nature affords not a comparison.

*Dur.* I like not That; she's like no body then.

*Ofw.* Her Fore-head high and fair, eyes black and sparkling,

They twinkle like the Stars.

*Dur.* They are then *Gemins*.

*Ofw.* Her Brows like Archies

Cut out of purest Snow, consolidated

A Nose exactly to the square of Beauty.

Her Cheeks plump, not by Art but Nature painted.

Her mouth little, red Lips, and white Teeth;

A Pearly Portcullis, with a Ruby Gate.

*Dur.* Ay—that's fine.

*Ofw.* A Chin dimpl'd, but in that little Piece

A thousand hearts lie bury'd.

*Dnr.* They are thrown in then as fast as we heave dead Men over board in a Sea-fight.

*Ofw.* Her neck smooth, fat, white, and soft as the Down on Swans.

*Dnr.* Ay, That—

*Ofw.* Her Breasts, those milky Fountains, snowy *Alpes*, Round and not limber, their motions pant Beholders hearts into an Extasie.

No Pride about her but what they swell with, They rise and fall like Waves blown up by gentle winds.

*Dnr.* O, O, O, feel here.

*Ofw.* Ah your heart beats high: *[Pulls Oswald's hand to his breast.]*

We shall have boisterous weather, I perceive it coming.

*Dnr.* Ay, my heart begins to leap and play Like a Porpice before a Storm.

*Ofw.* An Arm, a Hand, small, white, and Round; the blood blushing through the fair skin, Like a Lawn Veil spread o'er a Bed of Roses.

*Dnr.* Me thinks I see this fair Creature, Yes and touch her too: Oh how fine it is To stroak such Limbs!

*Ofw.* Yes, Captain, very fine: Beauty I see will soften And polish you.

*Dnr.* Your words have painted something more than Woman in my fancy.

*Ofw.* She is as valiant as fair, a brave *Prago*: She fans her beauty with a Shield, and darts A Javelin with as much courage as an *Amazon*.

*Dnr.* Ay That's a Woman.

*Ofw.* Take this Picture, 'tis very like her. When you see the Lady this resembles, Claim her for your Mistress, Love her, Court her, Gallant her, and do your best, Win her and wear her, that's fair play.

*Dnr.* Will you give her me?

*Ofw.* Yes, if you can get her.

*Dnr.* Why, I can take her up in my Arms And run away with her.

*Ofw.* And whither will you carry her?

*Dur.* Aboard my Frigot, and he that dares come  
To take her from me there, had as good leap  
Into a blazing Fire-ship, or kiss Thunder.

*Osw.* But she's no lawful Prize if you take her by force ;  
By the Laws of Love you must, as I told you, Court her,  
And win her fairly ; you must get her good Will.

*Dur.* I thought I had had her Will when I had her.  
But now I think on't, I have heard a Woman's Will  
Shifts into more Points than the Wind.  
But if she sail under any Point of the Court-Compass,  
I'll hale her in I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Ethelwold, Aldernald. The Scene Ethelwold's  
Apartment.*

*Ethel.* May their wishes of Joy  
Convert to Curses on themselves, and every Curse  
Attended with a mischief greater than this  
They've brought on me. . . O untimely discovery !

*Alder.* This News is much unwelcome to you.

*Ethel.* As Frost is to early Flowers,  
It blasts my new born Joys.

*Alder.* But thou, treacherous *Ethelwold*, in their } [*Aside.*]  
Bud did'st stifle the glories of our Family ;  
You are too apprehensive of the consequence.  
He designs his coming as a particular favour ;  
His presence will grace your Nuptials.

*Ethel.* I know his temper, and foresee the Event.

*Alder.* He is now married, his Love is engag'd,  
But were it not, and was he free,  
To *Alfreda* it could have no access.  
Her Honour's strongly guarded ; she's your Wife,  
If that is not enough, she is yet more,  
My Sister, — her wrongs will call on me  
To own the title of Brother.

*Ethel.* With what temper did he receive the News ?

*Alder.* He shew'd no great surprize,  
For had he been concern'd, or should he yet  
Resent the Marriage ill —

*Ethel.* He conceals his Thoughts.

*Alder,*

*Aldr.* Be confident and cheerful. —  
 Suspect of mischief hastens mischief on,  
 He fewest dangers meets that doth fear none.  
 I must attend him hither —  
*O Alfreda,* were I but assur'd [Aside.  
 Thou could'st receive the knowledge of this wrong,  
 And thy Ambition not transport Revenge  
 To the loss of Honour and Virtue,  
 Not the command of *Edgar* should make me tame. [Exit *Ald.*  
*Ethel.* To dinner, unwelcome Guest!  
 I know the dish thy greedy eye will feast on.  
 But his Reception shall be with smiles,  
 That in my looks he may not read my fears,  
 And thence conclude me conscious of a Guilt.

*Enter Alfreda.*

*Alfr.* My Brother tells me the King will be here.  
*Ethel.* Yes, *Alfreda*, the King will be here.  
*Alfr.* This Country Dress will shame me;  
 I wou'd appear in more Gallantry.  
 I'll wear my Jewels. —  
*Ethel.* Thy beauty has its native purity,  
 With Art not injur'd, nor with Age impair'd,  
 Not broke with Surfeits, nor worn with Cares,  
 Nor by late Revelings decay'd, you, *Alfreda*,  
 Want not the ornament of Drels.  
*Alfr.* But I am a Bride.  
*Ethel.* The Court makes no distinction.  
*Alfr.* You look on me, my Lord, with eyes  
 Full of Love and Sadness, as if your Breast  
 Gave entertainment to some thoughts  
 Injurious to the blessings of the Day.  
 My Brother's Brow too wore an unwonted frown.  
*Ethel.* Did he acquaint you with the Cause?  
*Alfr.* No.  
*Ethel.* 'Tis then a Secret to us both. — But mine  
 Proceeds from an apprehension that you  
 Will suddenly be angry or unkind.  
*Alfr.* This day shou'd know no Grief, —

What



What can have power to make me so to you?

*Ethel.* A request I would have you grant,  
And not demand the reason why I ask it.

*Alfr.* Your words a little surprize me,  
For they import some Diffidence.

Yet you may dismiss your fears,  
Since all I can with honour grant.  
You now are priviledg'd to ask.

*Ethel.* Then, to oblige me, instead of adorning,  
Resolve to cloud that bright Orb of Beauty,  
And in a meaner Dress obscure those Beams.  
Let a pale Green-sickness Paint be drawn,  
As a Veil o're the Roses of thy Cheeks;  
A tawny Die spread o're thy Neck and Breasts;  
Let the same Art instruct thee to sully  
That excellent whiteness of thy Hands.

*Alfr.* You forget the King will be here.

*Ethel.* No, I had rather he would forget to come.

*Alfr.* You are jealous then, my Lord!

*Ethel.* Not of thee by Heaven, *Alfreda.*

*Alfr.* This injurious Caution shews you are,

*Ethel.* Of the King I am, for thou art so fair,  
And he so amorous.

*Alfr.* Poor suspicious man, dost thou believe,  
That should my Beauty have Charms to conquer his Heart,  
He can find any to overcome my Virtue.

Now I perceive the Mark at which you levell'd  
Your Discourse this morning. Tho' ambition  
Of all Passions, in my Soul has the Ascendant,  
Yet my aspiring thoughts pursue

The bright Tracts of Honour, and take no flight  
Where Virtue towers not above, your Thoughts.

When I told you Ambition did guide my Love,  
Were too injurious to conclude,

It had the conduct of my Virtue too.

*Ethel.* No man less jealous is than I.

*Alfr.* Suck not that Poyson in, which would burst our:  
You have already done me Injuries,  
Not to be repair'd, and scarce forgiven.

*Ethel.* Let not reproaches add to my sorrows.

I swear to thee I am not jealous:  
 Imagine not this strange Request  
 Proceeds from suspicions of your Virtue:  
 But grant if possible what I ask,  
 Without farther obliging me to declare  
 The Reasons that compell me to't.

*Alfr.* No, no, my Lord, you can have no other  
 Sentiments in your Soul, nothing but Jealousie  
 Has eyes to foresee the future so far off.

*Ethel.* Unkind *Alfreda*, thou wilt force my tongue  
 To an acknowledgment that will destroy  
 Thy peace, my guilt made known:  
 If thou hast not a noble stock of Courage,  
 Thy Thoughts will soon grow mutinous,  
 And Passion 'gainst thy Reason will rebell.

*Alfr.* Then to suspect my Virtue there can be  
 No greater crime.

*Ethel.* Yes, *Alfreda*; yet 'tis a crime may be forgiven too;  
 Since but from the excess of Love it grew.

*Alfr.* What is't, my Lord?

*Ethel.* I dare not tell thee.

*Alfr.* Dare not?

*Ethel.* No, must not.

*Alfr.* Yes, you must.

*Ethel.* I wou'd not, but I must.

*Alfr.* Come out with it.

*Ethel.* I have lov'd you too well.

*Alfr.* Is that a Crime?

*Ethel.* I wish it were not,

And I fear you scarce will thank me for't.

By the King I was sent to view your Charms:

If my Tongue had confirm'd the report of your Beauty,

You had been Queen of *Mertia*, but your Eyes

Made me a Traitor to my Prince.

When I had gain'd an interest in your heart

To advance my Love, I falsify'd

The intentions of my King, I told

Your Father he design'd your dishonour.

*Alfr.* Then at your return to Court  
 Degraded my Beauty?—

*Ethel,*

*Ethel.* I did.

*Alfr.* And this you call Love?

*Ethel.* To incur the King's displeasure—

*Alfr.* Was Treachery.

*Ethel.* To hazard Life and Honour to purchase thee—

*Alfr.* Was folly.

*Ethel.* But does th' excess of Love declare.

*Alfr.* No, it arguts self interest, had you lov'd me  
You had not robb'd my Beauty of its Glories,  
And interpos'd 'twixt me and a Crown.

You would have been more pleas'd to have seen me  
Fixt in the Glories of a Throne,  
Than confin'd to your low Embrace.

*Ethel.* Pardon the Treason I have committed,  
And be content to reign absolute  
In the heart of one that truly loves you.

*Alfr.* Had your Love been true it had been generous,  
Then you'd have declar'd the King's intentions,  
And by this high act of Exemplar Virtue  
Taught me to value your Love above a Crown.

*Ethel.* Love its greatness shews in rash effects:  
That had exprest more Generosity,  
But less Love, if you wou'd prevent my ruin,  
And cherish my affection,  
You must submit to be less beautiful.  
If his eye catch but one limb or feature  
Undisguis'd, it hastens my confusion,  
Damns his Soul, and ruins Thee.

*Alfr.* The injuries you have done me  
Permit not you should be my Counsellour.  
I will consult my own thoughts, at present  
Expect to know no more than this,—  
What Honour does oblige, I'll do.

*Ethel.* Let Pity in your thoughts have share. [Exit.]

*Alfr.* You should first have pitied your self.  
Bold man! that durst expose his safety  
To the frailty of a Woman's Virtue!  
Cou'd he know, we covet all that's fair,  
That we love to be envied for our Greatness,  
Ador'd for our State, fear'd for our Power,

Flatter'd

Flatter'd in hopes of Rewards and Favours,  
 Yet durst he rob me of all these,  
 And hope a Refuge in my Virtue?  
 Ah too presumptuous man! Thy folly gives  
 My virtue too severe a tryal.  
 Yet I'll give thee a farther Testimony,  
 And it shall be as daring, as the proof  
 Of thy injurious Love was bold.  
 I'll work thy fears to punishment,  
 My Looks shall court Enticements, 'till they 've rais'd  
 Thy Jealousie to a despairing height,  
 Then will I make a brave Retreat,  
 And Greatness, which I seem'd to cover, slight;  
 And glory in that proud Defeat.

[Exit.

*The End of the Second Act.*

## Act the Third.

*The King seen at a Banquet, holding Alfreda by one hand, gazing on her Face. Ethelwold, as conversing with Ruthin, but turning his head, and looking Reverse on the King, with an angry jealous Countenance. Aldernald in discourse with Matilda. Durzo and Oswold in discourse with Ladies.*

### SONG.

**P** Hillis do not slight your Prize,  
 And scorn my Heart, because your Eyes  
 At first did conquer me and win it:  
 Nor think mine's not a real flame,  
 'Cause it so on a sudden came,  
 Burst forth and rag'd all in a Minute.

*Meaner Beauties by their Arts,  
 More than their force do conquer hearts,  
 And by degrees a flame engender.*

(26)

*Small Armies sold Sieges for me,  
Whilst Royal Ones take Towns by Storm,  
And bravely force 'em to surrender.*

*They but lie in Ambuscade,  
Whilst nobly you a heart invade,  
And conquer in your first advance.  
Of Victories thus gain'd by you,  
The Glory's to your Beauty due,  
They their Conquests poorly owe to Chance.*

A DANCE.

*King.* **S**He's wonderful Beautiful.  
Nature in this fair Original has excell'd;  
As most great Artists do, in some one Piece,  
All they have done before or after can.

*Alfr.* A King is sure on Earth a God!  
How great, how glorious are his Looks!

*King.* Here I must as on some blessed Vision gaze,  
Where still our Sight enlarges our Desires,  
And ready to see more, at last we find  
Our Eyes too narrow for the Object, but still  
Unsatisfied, we look, and look, and thus look on.  
On his Brow sits Majesty enthron'd,  
Whilst his Eyes dart Glories round him,  
And from his Form, amazing Greatness flows!  
Thus like the Sun, encircled with his Beams,  
He dazles with excess of Light.

*Ethel.* His Eyes dart pointed beams at hers,  
And hers repay 'em with their trembling lustres.  
Their Hearts play the Wantons in their Eyes.  
O fatal Interview! I am ruin'd  
If it longer last——

*Madam,* I fear the King is not well.

*Queen.* Sir, are you not well?

*King.* A strange unusual pain on the sudden  
Has seiz'd my heart.

*Ethel.* How quickly Love takes root!

*Queen.* Sure I have seen that face before.



O 'twas in that Picture.

*Mat.* What is the Captain doing?

*Ofw.* Making comparisons 'twixt the Shadow  
And the Substance: I gave him my Sisters Picture,  
With a description of her to prepare him for Love.

*Mat.* Her Beauty warrants all you could say of it.  
If her Carriage holds, 'twill be a fierce Encounter.

*Hill.* My heart begins to fail me already,  
But I'll huff it out as long as I can.

*King.* Now lead the way to cool Walks, and shady Groves.  
Madam, your Hand, and thine, *Alfreda.*

By so much Beauty on every side attended,  
No Prince so happy but would envy my Triumphs.

*Queen.* Hold, Sir, I am not well.

*King.* Ladies, take care of the Queen, be assistant  
To her health.— Come, *Alfreda.*

[*Exeunt omnes præter Queen, Ladies, and Ruthin.*]

*Queen.* So, I thank you all; my illness is o'er.  
Ladies, pray retire a while.

O my dear Father, is this my Nuptial Treatment?  
This my Welcome to a Throne? are these the Joys  
Attend on Crowns? If such they are, who'd sigh to  
Be a Bride, or be ambitious to be a Queen?

*Ruth.* O my *Leamors*.

*Queen.* Love, the path that leads to Marriage  
Is strew'd with Wreaths and Flowers;

And when at distance we behold a Throne,  
How pleasant is the prospect! and we ascend to

It by Golden Steps. O cruelty of Nature!  
Oh Tyranny of Fate!

To lead to pain through such delightful ways,  
And make the Journeys end so differing from the Road.

*Ruth.* Afflict not thyself.

Let this thought warm thy breast with Joy,  
Though *Alfreda* usurp his Heart, his Throne

She cannot, thou art still his Partner there.  
Fate by Death alone can remove thee thence;

Thou not his Love, thou hast his Glory.

*Queen.* I willingly would change my Throne for Hand

In his Heart I would reign—

*Rush.* Remember thou art a Queen,

Let this thought inspire a Courage in thee

To own that Title, and maintain its Rights.

If as a Wife, Love softens thee to tears,

Yet be embolden'd by thy Quality.

Exalt thy Looks to awful Greatness

With haughty Frowns, and an Imperious Brow,

Check the advance of that bold Invader,

And with the Grandeur of a Queen

Dispute the Empire of his Heart.

*Queen.* Tho she retreat, his heart will not return;

But with the Flames her Eyes have kindled, burn.

*Rush.* Not fed by her, those Flames not long can live.

*Queen.* But he'll no new ones from these Eyes receive.

Or e Hearts we can no second Conquest boast,

A Heart once gone, for ever, ever's lost.

To me I never more shall see him kind.

His Love is as unconstant as the Wind.

*Rush.* But thence some ground for better hopes I find.

For Winds that vere from Point to Point so fast,

Chop round to the same Point they left at last.

Thy longer absence may injurious prove,

Freedom and Privacy do nourish Love.

Joyn with the Earl to hinder their converse;

To stop Love's progress cut off all Commerce. [Exit.

*Enter Aldernald, and Matilda.*

*The Scene, the Garden.*

*Mat.* That Passion's weak that cannot move the Tongue.

To court the Object, which the Soul affects:

Or else the Object has no strong attractions.

*Alder.* All that is excellent may justly be attributed

To her Honour, Beauty, Virtue, and what e're can enter

In the perfect composition of a Woman.

*Mat.* Much Commendation does much Love discover,

O were he not in Love, or else my Lover.

*Alder.* In every limb and feature I read the greatness

Of her Soul, a Form so rare and beautiful.

She

She has, that where Fix my eye, I stand amaz'd,  
And think my Love wou'd grow Presumption  
If I exceed a silent admiration.

*Mat.* A Gallant man should not his Flame conceal;  
Should you the Sent'ments of your Soul reveal,  
Fame, and your own great Deeds wou'd nobly plead  
Your cause, no other Orators you need.

Were she like me a Princess, may were't me,  
Were't me you lov'd; and I as fair as she,  
Tho I perhaps cou'd not accept your flame,  
Yet shou'd your Love less than your Silence blame.

*Alder.* Madam, suppose 'twere you Nov'd?

*Mat.* That Supposition does my blushes raise,  
Because I know I merit not such praise.

*Alder.* You blame my silence now, because you know  
I love some other, and that 'tis not you.

*Mat.* I wish this truth had not so plain been told,  
But now I think on't, Love may be too bold.

*Alder.* My hopes are dash't agen, Joys came so fast [*Aside.*]  
And thick, I knew they were too great to last.  
In that good mind had she one minute longer stay'd,  
My too-rash tongue had my presumptuous Love betray'd:

*Mat.* Since I am not the Mistress of his Vows, } [*Aside.*]  
Still may he fear the Secret to disclose.  
But tell me, what your Resolutions are,  
Will you love one, and not your Love declare?

*Alder.* I still must love, but know not what to do;  
I'll not discover't to her.

*Mat.* Never?

*Alder.* No.

Never, unless I'me counsell'd to't by you.  
This shall be silenc'd too, this I design'd, [*Shows a Letter.*]  
Because my Tongue durst not, shou'd tell my mind.

*Mat.* To read that Letter what wou'd I not give?  
My Love's grown curious and inquisitive,  
I guess there's much of Passion in your stile.

*Alder.* It is too mean a trifle for your sight;  
Yet if you think it will reward your pains

*Mat.* If it no secret but your love contains.

*Alder.* I have no Secret which from you I'll hide;

For in my love I chose you for my Guide.

*Mat.* To your fair Self.

*Alder.* Madam, what makes you start?

*Mat.* To me?

*Alder.* Madam, to her that has my Heart.

*Mat.* That is not I.

One dull as I am this might well surprize.

*Alder.* When to her hands I ad given this — my Eyes

Would at first instant the Contents discover,

She'd in my looks first read I was her Lover.

*Mat.* 'Tis true, Love cannot be conceal'd by Art.

A Lover's Eye reveals a Lover's Heart,

And gives of Love the first Intelligence.

*Alder.* Then sure I have no Love, or the no Sense.

*Mat.* How dull!

*Alder.* How ignorant!

*Mat.* By Love belov'd, he can nothing learn.

*Alder.* That read, the cannot but my Love discern.

Madam, the King.

*Mat.* Let us remove to the next Walls,

I'll read it there.

[*Exeunt Ald. & Mat.*]

[*Enter Alfreda and the King.*]

*King.* Alfreda, wert thou a Queen, and absolute,

That in thy breast didst bear a secret flame,

For some one Gallant and deserving Subject,

How would you treat the Lady you had rais'd

To the high honour of your Confident,

If perfidiously she should expose

Her Charms, and by treacherous enticements

Deprive you of that only man, whom now

Thou canst have, you cannot chuse but love.

*Alfr.* Great persons should do great things — if a Queen,

My deeds should not receive a lustre

From that name, but add new Glories to it.

I would forget the flame, and fault forgive.

*King.* That generous Act wou'd too much encourage

Subjects to grow bold. Since Ambition

Is a Passion not less powerful than Love,

They

They that dare snatch from your heart a Lover,  
Wou'd from your head a Crown.

*Alfr.* Crowns admit of a precedent claim,  
But Love, like new-found Land, is theirs  
That first can get possession of it.  
Here, shou'd I punish the Offender's crime,  
'Twou'd make me guilty of the same.  
For the offence is, not that he lov'd him,  
But that her Love depriv'd me of him.

*King.* No, the punishment is not due, because  
She depriv'd you of your Lover,  
But him of those Glories he with your Love  
Might have enjoy'd.

*Alfr.* But since a man in all Estates, not finds  
But makes his Happiness, he may not think  
Her Love has injur'd him. Then I ought to set  
The Generous Lover, and for the satisfaction  
He enjoys, pardon my Rival's fault, for in her Love  
He meets content, then crowning a greater blessing.

*King.* But in your love, this fancied blessing had come  
Attended with the Glories of a Throne.

*Alfr.* Love is a bliss so absolute, and high  
It no additions does from Accidents receive,  
But like an Infinite, is incapable  
Of change, to more or less.  
Thus he being in her love not less happy  
Than in mine, I ought to think him so.  
And thus a Lover I am always  
Debar'd from punishing the Offender.

*King.* You have subtly mannag'd the Argument,  
To shew the Excellency of your Wit.  
Wit, like a towering Hawk, flies high in Speculative notions,  
Whilst Judgment, like the Hound, pursues his Game.  
And follows Truth upon the level.  
Now, *Alfreda*, tell me thy real thought.  
Do you apprehend you should  
So perfect a Contentment find  
In any Subjects love, not to imagine  
You might more happy in a Monarch's be?

*Alfr.* The flame ascends not more naturally,

Than



Than to a Throne our Thoughts aspire,  
 If free, I think I cou'd not force my self  
 To refuse the bright temptations of a Crown:  
 But my heart being before engag'd,  
 As now it is, I cannot, as I am,  
 Resolve, but if I were in that condition,  
 And the very person I could, because I should  
 Then know my own thoughts.

*King.* Know then, thou art in that condition,  
 False *Eschelwold* snatch'd thee from my Embrace;  
 Now can you resolve the Question?

*Alfr.* Sir, I can. —  
 If I had been acquainted with your love,  
 It should have been as absolute in my breast,  
 As you are in your Kingdoms.

*King.* You strangely blest me, in but discovering  
 That you cou'd have lov'd me.

*Alfr.* Hold Sir —  
 The same temper that had inclin'd me then  
 To have receiv'd your flame, permits not now  
 I shou'd so much as think I might have been  
 More happy, much less declare it.

*King.* If thou art not miserable, I am,  
 And though you may not declare it, I must.

*Alfr.* But I must not hear it.

*King.* Hear it, and pity me.

*Alfr.* Pity for a King, is in a Subject's breast Presumption:

*King.* A Duty rather.

*Alfr.* In others it may, but in me 'twou'd be a Crime.

*King.* Alas, *Alfreda*, if you are rigorous  
 I shall hate *Eschelwold*: your Pity shou'd,  
 Like healing Balm be powr'd into the wounds he made.

*Alfr.* That Pity would not heal your wounds,  
 But make 'em fester, and deeper to my Honour give.  
 Tho I may be sorry for his fault,  
 I must not be concern'd at your Complaints,  
 My Honour suffers if I longer stay.

[Turns from the King and meets *Eschelwold*.

*Enter*

*Enter Ethelwold.*

*Ethel.* What, *Alfreda*, does my coming fright you hence?

*Alfr.* No, nor wou'd your departure much please me.

*Ethel.* I know you had a good Game,  
You had no reason to throw up your Cards.

*Alfr.* Do you play my Hand out,  
And anon tell me, what you are a winner. [*Exit Alfreda.*]

*King.* How much the Remedy she gives to cure,  
Encreases my disease.

While she appears thus charming fair,  
Thus exactly virtuous, and thus truly great,  
With what temper can I bear the loss of her?

*Ethelwold*, thou hast robb'd me of a Woman,  
So made to be my Queen

Thou seem'st to have foyl'd Destiny,  
And prevented Fates disposal of her. Speak,  
Why did you tell me she was not beautiful?

*Ethel.* I judg'd her Beauty by your Greatness.  
I did not think it merited the honour  
To be plac'd in so great a Monarch's Throne.

*King.* The world contains not such another Woman.

*Ethel.* If I am guilty, your Opinion is my Crime;  
For Fancy gives beauty its estimate.

*King.* In meaner beauties what you say is true;  
But *Alfreda* has Excellencies so much  
Above the rest of woman-kind, that none  
Could behold her matchless Charms, and not know  
She was and is the fairest of her Sex.  
This was the reason why you depriv'd me of her.

*Ethel.* I requested not *Alfreda* of you 'cause she was  
Fair, but because I lov'd her.

*King.* If it be true that you deceiv'd me  
'Cause you lov'd her, it is also true  
That you lov'd her 'cause you thought her beautiful.

*Ethel.* I humbly askt your leave to marry her.

*King.* Yes, after thou had'st profan'd her beauty,  
And said she had more than her Equals here.

*Ethel.* If Sir, I thought—

*King.* The Thought was Blasphe-my, and blacks thy Soul,  
But this was an arch peice of Treachery.

Look there, then there: two Copies how different,  
Yet from the same Original! This to th' Eye  
Belies, profanes, blasphemes Divinity.

*Ethel.* If, Sir, the Painter err'd, must I be blam'd?

*King.* For this conspiracy you'll both be damn'd.  
Traytor, thy Crimes shall not go unpunish'd,  
Guards there— [Enter Guards.

*Ruthin, Queen, Alfreda (from one side.)*

*Aldernald, Matilda, (from the other.)*

Seize that Traytor.

In Dungeons thou shalt celebrate thy Nuptials.

Chains shall embrace thee, not *Alfreda's* arms.

And that thou may'st even in this life be damn'd,

Thou shalt quite be depriv'd o'th' sight of her.

Still may her Beauty haunt thy restless mind,

Despair be the attendant of each thought.

This Heaven of Beauty in thy hopelefs fancy see,

A Heaven that ne're shall be possess'd, enjoy'd, by thee.

*Alfr.* Sir, on my knees—

*King.* Away to prison with him.

*Alfr.* Brother, Madam, my Lord, will no one speak?

*Ruth.* His offence—

*King.* You shou'd be the last shou'd speak.

You was his Counsellour, and shar'd his Guilt.

He was by Love, you by Ambition led;

Yo've rais'd your Daughter to my Throne and Bed.

But your ambitious ends I le thus destroy,

Shée shall my Throne, but not my Bed enjoy.

Thou to a Crown shalt not be long ally'd,

With her ends thy Ambition, and thy Pride.

Madam—

To you Respect and Honour I will pay,

Though not my Heart, you shall my Scepter sway.

You in the Grandeur of a Queen shall move,

Depriv'd of nothing but the Rights of Love.

To punish him, those joys must be deny'd, [Points at Ruthin.

But

But shall by a kind friendship be supply'd.  
*Queen.* Unhappy Woman, that art made wretched  
To be great!

*King.* The first proof of my friendship this shall be,  
For the Queens sake enjoy your liberty. [Exeunt K. Q.]

*Alfr.* I am resolv'd the King shall hear me speak.

*Alder.* To *Ethelwald* I will a visit make,  
And tell him that his cause you undertake.  
[Exeunt Ald. and Alfredda severally.]

*Ruth.* The Watchful Chymist, that with pregnant hopes  
Waits the Return of his long labours,  
And in that minute he expects should give  
Perfection to the precious *Elixir*,  
Sees the Stills fall, and all the rich Production  
Buried in the ruins, receives not a defeat  
Than this more unexpected.—  
Fortune to th' Wife, and the industrious shews  
Her spight, but unto Fools success allows. [Exit.]

*Enter Durzo, Hillaria, Alicia meeting him.*

*Alic.* O here's your man of War.

*Hill.* Captain, you look as if you were not well.

*Dur.* I am not, I have Wild-fire in my veins,  
My blood is a Circulating Flame,  
Hot as the Current of melted Metals,  
That flows from the Entrails of burning Mountains;  
It spouts against the upper Region of my Brain,  
Like a tempestuous Hurricane; I have a red-hot Devil in me.

*Alic.* O Terrible!

*Hill.* Do you know what this strange Disease is?

*Dur.* Know? I know nothing.

But Nature is at war within me:  
My Brain's revers'd, all, all my Senses on the Rack.

*Hill.* We had best begone, he'll beat us presently.

*Alic.* By the description, this should be Love.

*Hill.* Yes Love, Captain, that's the little hot Devil  
You talk of.

*Alic.* He plays mad Reicks, when first he enters a  
Breast, and finds Resistance.

**Hill.** Love, like the small Pox, as any seldom escape it;  
So the longer we live without it, the more  
Dangerous 'tis when it comes.

*Enter Ofwold.*

**Ofw.** *Hillaris*, what execution have you done?

**Hill.** I have discharg'd my upper Teer;  
I have pepper'd him with small Shot.

**Ofw.** How is't, Captain, are you in Love yet?

**Hill.** Yes, yes, he is furiously infected with Love.

**Alic.** But can you tell him how to cure this Disease?

**Ofw.** To cure Love, he must look for Love again,  
Bear up close, speak to her, Captain.

**Dur.** I cou'd speak better to the great Guns  
Of an *Armada*, that answer in leaden syllables,  
Whose Oratory is nothing but fire and noise.

**Ofw.** Bear up with the little *Pinnace*,  
Clapher aboard briskly.

**Dur.** If I was but once Master of her Fore-deck!

**Ofw.** That's easie, she's leaky, Captain, she's leaky.

**Dur.** Then she'l founder in the Hold anon.

**Ofw.** Come, I'll bring you both to Grapling,  
Get clear of one another as you can.

*[Ofwold brings them together.]*

**Alic.** Here will be an excellent Scene of Love.

**Ofw.** Let us vere off, and give 'em Sea-room. *[Exeunt Ofw.,*

**Dur.** Can you love?

**Alic.**

**Hill.** Yes, Captain.

**Dur.** Me? say but that word, and this Sword, *[Draws his*  
If you command, shall unpeople half the World. *Sword.*  
To give us and our Progeny Elbow-room.

Discharge but that word from your mouth,  
And command me to still Tempests, to split Rocks asunder.  
Lady, do but feel the weight on't;  
See, is't not an excellent Blade?

**Hill.** I have no great skill.

**Dur.** Feel, has it not a brave edge, and  
What a point is here!

**Hill.** 'Tis dangerous meddling with edg-tools,  
Pray put it up.

**Dur.**



*Dur.* Have you any Enemies? if you have  
I'll make their bodies Scabberds.

*Hill.* No Captain, put it up.

*Dur.* Will you love me then?

*Hill.* I love not danger, any thing but killing.

*Dur.* Did you ever see one kill'd?

*Hill.* No.

*Dur.* Heaven, had you been with me in our last  
Engagement, you might have seen a sight, that would have  
Made a Coward in love with death; there you might  
Have seen our Enemies bear up in a half Moon,  
Exposing to our view the terror of their Wooden Castles,  
The mouths of their great Guns, which were made  
To swallow leaden morsels that might lie heavy on  
Their stomachs, 'till they were disgorg'd in our faces.

*Hill.* Faugh, faugh.

*Dur.* We with Top-sails out, Flags and Streamers  
Flourishing in the Wind, and Trumpets sounding  
Unite our force, then like Thunder fall in amongst 'em:  
There like the Sons of Terror we are seen  
In Clouds of fire and Smoak, Slaughter puts on  
Her Purple Robes.—

*Hill.* Hold, good Captain.

*Dur.* We play at Tennis with Iron Balls, and death comes  
Whizzing by our Ears: Heads take fire in their  
Brain-pans, and burst asunder like Granadoes,  
Scattering the Wild-fire of their Brains  
In their Fellow Soldiers faces.

*Hill.* You fright me horribly.

*Dur.* Other heads fly from one Ship with the bullets  
That saluted them, to visit their friends in another.  
Limbs like Langrel-shot, mount scattering in the air,  
And hands that cou'd not reach the Enemy before,  
Now fly into distant Vessels to give their foes a box  
Of the ear, other hands grasping their swords,  
Clear a whole Deck in the flight.

*Hill.* What shall I do?

*Dur.* We are now in a confusion, the Fireships  
Flame, and their half-Moon is divided  
Into blazing Stars.—

*Hill.*

*Hil.* Enough, good Captain.

*Dur.* Some burn, the men leap over board,  
And drown themselves to save their lives,  
Other Ships reel, drunk with the Sea-brine,  
And at last sink to the bottom, to follow  
Those brave men, who fought in 'em  
With as much courage as they drank.

*Hil.* Have you yet done?

*Dur.* The Flags and Streamers—

*Hil.* Yet more?

*Dur.* That hung wantonly playing in the air,  
Now on the Deck lie stain'd in blood,  
And their tall Masts lie in their Hulls  
As in Coffins. How like you it? is it not brave?

*Hil.* I am almost dead with fear.

*Dur.* I thought you valiant.

*Hil.* Yes, Captain, in Land matters a very Lions, *[Shews a Pistol.]*  
But in Sea-affairs a meer Coward.  
The very Terms are Bullets to me,  
I wou'd not hear such another Relation.

*Dur.* Not hear! Can you fear when I stand by?  
My voice is gentle, but I have something  
That can speak louder to your Enemies, *[Shews a Pistol.]*  
See

*Hil.* What's that, a Pistol?

*Dur.* 'Tis the Spawn of a Cannon, a little Spit-Devil.

*Hil.* Pray conjure him down again.

*Dur.* Frighted at my voice, you shall hear  
What a brave Language this speaks. *[Fires.]*  
Sure she'll love me anon.

*Enter Ofwold, Matilda, Alicia.*

*Ofw.* What warning-piece was that?

*Mat.* Alas, poor *Hillaria*, how thou trembl'st!

*Hil.* O Madam, the Captain's in his hot Fit,  
And I am in my cold.

*Ofw.* What has he done to you?

*Hil.* Frighted me horribly, he has not spoke a word  
But what was terrible as the roaring of Cannons.

*Alic.*

*Alie.* The Captain wou'd be a rare Physician to cure Ladies of the Ague, if frightening will do't.

*Mat.* What was you doing Captain?

*Ofa.* Only saluting his Mistress.

*Dur.* Right, I gave her a Gun, and that's Sea-Courtship.

*Alie.* Your Complement was very loud.

*Mat.* *Hillaria*, admit him agen into your Service, He will forget he is a Soldier, and turn Courtier for your sake.

*Hil.* No, let him still retain his valour, But not o'reshoot himself in his Complements, And exprefs his Love in such terrible Rhetorick.

*Dur.* I know not how to court you in a Silken phrase, But in down-right Reality I will do't. I am your Friend Star-board and Lar-board.

*Hil.* Then Captain, out with your Sails again; Top and Top-gallant you shall be my Lover.

*Mat.* Well perform'd, *Hillaria*.

*Hil.* Whilst I my heart under your Conduct steer, No coasting Pyrate Lovers I, nor Rovers fear,

*The End of the Third Act.*

## Act the Fourth. Scene First.

*Enter Aldernald and Matilda.*

*Mat.* **T**HAT my Injoyment might be the greater, I deferr'd the perusal of your Letter Till the Court-disturbances were past. Peaceful minutes suit best with Love affairs.

*Ald.* I wish, Madam, you had read it in my absence, And prevented my blushes.

[*Matilda opens the Letter, and reads.*  
I have a Heart that is amorous, but a Tongue That is timorous; I would speak but dare not, I would be silent but cannot; I am urg'd by Love, Detain'd by Fear. If I conceal my Flame,

*I torment my self, if I reveal it I offend her, I love.*

What is she, *Aldernald*?

*Ald.* A Princess.

*Mat.* A Princess!

*Ald.* Yes.

*Mat.* A Princess too!

Then I in vain my hopes of Love pursue.

What foreign Princess can this be?

*Ald.* Oh ill construction, unlucky evasion!

[*Matilda reads again.*]

*Thus am I doom'd by rigorous Destiny*

*To be the scorn of Fate, Beauties Slave,*

*And Love's Martyr! It is for her I languish*

*That now reads this Paper. —*

It is for her I languish, that now reads this Paper,

Oh were that meant to me! how fate conspires?

To indulge my hopes, and flatter my desires!

The Invention is pretty, this fully expresses

Your Love, and is an evidence too of your

Respect—Your approach is modest, and such

As I could not blame,

*Ald.* How void of apprehension!

[*Aside,*

She cannot, will not understand.

*Mat.* Now, *Aldernald*, I'll make you my Confident.

It was my fate once to admit of a flame,

Yet not unworthy my Breast, if Merit

May excuse the want of Royal descent.

For the man I lov'd, though not born to a Crown,

Had done Actions deserving one. —

*Ald.* He had more than a Kingdom in your Love.

*Mat.* But he never knew it: I conceal'd my Flame.

*Ald.* Much more than mine your silence was too blame.

Monarchs your Love upon their knees would meet,

And throw themselves and Scepters at your feet.

Then what would not the proudest Subject do?

*Mat.* But Modesty forbids our Sex to woo.

(part

*Ald.* Love might have found ways without blame t' im-

To him you lov'd the conquest of your heart.

Against your silence lies a just complaint.

*Mat.* My Birth too on my Love impos'd restraint.

*Ald.*

*Ald.* What Charms had he could such a Princess move?

*Mat.* Great Actions first dispos'd my heart to love,  
And then his Picture. —

*Ald.* That's but an empty Shade.

*Mat.* Yet on my heart a strong Impression made.  
But when I saw him, he or felt no flame,  
Or else like you was ignorant and tame.

*Ald.* What do I hear? her heart has been possess'd, [*Aside.*  
And Love still holds Dominion in her breast,  
She do's relate it with so much concern,  
That I no hopes but of my Ruin learn.  
A burning blush still covers all her face.

*Mat.* This stupid man will force me to disgrace.  
I am not well on th' sudden. —

*Ald.* Not well?

*Mat.* Some other time I'll tell you more, —  
Since words will not, let that the myst'ry clear. [*Exit.*

[*As she goes off, she pulls out a Handkerchief, which  
draws a Picture out of her Pocket.*

*Ald.* Ha, what is this? —

Blessed sight! my Picture here  
It is, at least it much resembles me.

'Tis mine, if I can judg of what I see.

How dull have I been, not to apprehend

I am the man she lov'd?

And therefore did my Silence discommend.

My thoughts are now crowded with things she spoke,

How each the others meaning has mistook!

How both by Jealousie have been misled!

Each shun'd th' Approaches which the other made.

But though she love, and do's her Love disclose,

A Princess cannot of her self dispose.

And when the King —

*Enter Durz.*

*Durz.* Admiral! Yes 'tis he; How he stands,

As if he was but th' appearance of a man!

I have seen him in the heat of an Engagement,

In the posture of that Heroe Angel,



That pitch the Devil headlong out of Heaven.

So ho, who's within? *[Durzo knocks with his hand at*

*Ald.* Are you here, Captain? *— Aldernald's breast.*

*Durzo.* That's a Lover's question right. *—* And let your Eyes Answer you: but I thought you had not been at home, Your Body lookt as if 't had been the forsaken Tenement of some great Soul, that stood empty, And wanted an Inhabitant. Whirlwinds take This Love, it has made a Fool of me too. When I am spoken to, I am thinking of Ladies; my Wits and Sences are gone a rambling, like Sailors Gotten a shore in their Long Boat, and my Body Left without motion like their Ship at Anchor.

*Ald.* You had fair warning not to fall in love.

*Durzo.* Here's the Devil on't, I know not how it Comes about—Well believe me, Admiral, The Women from the Waist upwards look like Angels, there's Witchcraft under their Petticoats. And I'll tell you, if a Woman does but fetch This long Heave, with the lifting up of her head, And the bending in of her back, two little Round plump pouting Devils peep from Underneath her Gorget, which put such a glowing Heat into my veins, that my blood in a moment Grows too hot for its channels, and I could O'rerun a score of 'em.

*Ald.* You are heated at the very thoughts of Women.

*Durzo.* Now I am in one of my Fits. Oh Admiral That I had but half a dozen Ladies now in my Cabin, How I'd rummidg 'em together, I'd make 'em smooke agen—

*Ald.* Since you are so hot, take a Walk with me In the open Air to cool you.

*Durzo.* That won't do't; if we were going to ingage, Perhaps the loss of a Leg, or an Arm, or forty Ounces of blood, might something abate my Feaver.

*Ald.* Your Distemper has gotten such hold, That you must lose a Leg, or an Arm, For every handfom Lady you see, Or you'll not be thoroughly cur'd.

*Durzo.*

*Durz.* Say you so, then I'll indure't still,  
And try what time and chance will do. [Exeunt.]

*Enter King, and Alfreda.*

*King.* Have you, *Alfreda*, consider'd his crimes,  
And whom he has offended?

*Alfr.* I have consider'd that your clemency  
In this act, will most brave and God-like shew,  
Because you pardon wrongs done to your self.

*King.* That for a Lover is too Heroical,  
With less regret I could pardon him  
Had robb'd me of a Crown, than thee.  
The King would pardon him, but the Lover cannot.

*Alfr.* Is the Lover than the King less generous?  
Forgive him, Sir, if but to shew  
You can be to your self a King.

*King.* That he durst offend, declar'd the greatness  
Of his Love; to forgive him will shew mine less.

*Alfr.* No, his offences were not proofs of Love,  
But Self-interest; but your forgiveness  
Will be an argument of a generous passion.  
He acted for himself, but you for her you lov'd.

*King.* How should an ill-living Divine, who preaches  
'Gainst Licentiousness, convert his Hearers,  
When he is himself the greatest Libertine?  
So do thy Words and Actions disagree,  
Whilst you endeavour to make me tame,  
You, *Alfreda*, act the Tyrant.

*Alfr.* Not I, but Virtue is the Tyrant.  
Virtue directs to keep your Passions  
In severest awe, — to treat 'em like Slaves  
If they rebel, to banish 'em.

*King.* When Love first took possession of my Breast,  
He fortified so fast, and is so strongly seated,  
He will not now be forc'd to quit his Hold. (Rage.)

*Alfr.* Though not your Love, you may overcome your

*King.* My Anger from my injur'd Love does rise,  
'Till that abates, I cannot this assuage.

*Alfr.* But if from Love you cut off all supplies,

His strength will weaker grow, his power decay.

*King.* From your bright beauty it receives its force.

*Alfr.* Then from my beauty turn your eyes away.

*King.* But that will not my thoughts from you divorce.

My fancie still will represent you fair,

And I in all your Charms shall see you there.

*Alfr.* Though still your fancie does my Form pursue,

It represents me in a Husband's arms,

Of me it gives you but a hopeless view :

Love stript of hope the heart but gently warms.

*King.* How you a Lover's hopes destroy, beware,

We are all Rage and Madmen in despair :

If you would anger from my Soul remove,

Say something that is kind, and speak of Love.

Treat me as you would do a froward Child,

Sooth me 'till I me by flattery beguill'd.

*Alfr.* Whilst *Ethelwold* in Prison you detain,

To 'scape the censures of th' misjudging Crowd,

I even that common freedom must restrain,

Which is to all the Court besides allow'd.

I must reserv'd and sullen now appear,

Or every gazing eye, and hearkning ear,

Will take false measures of my mirth and me.

My Lord, —

Already wants no ground for Jealousie.

*King.* Must Liberty, must it to one be given ?

Whose crimes offend beauty, a King, and Heaven.

*Alfr.* Whilst he by your commands remains confin'd,

You imprison too the freedom of my mind.

*King.* Command my death, but not his liberty.

*Alfr.* Restoring him you set *Alfreda* free.

*King.* But freed, what will the fair *Alfreda* do,

When she has power to grant, and I must sue.

Quickly impose on me some lesser task,

For this you will want power to requite.

*Alfr.* A meaner favour I disdain to ask.

*King.* Meet me then, *Alfreda*, meet me to night.

In th' Garden when 'tis dark.

*Alfr.* Meet him ? what for ?

He meet you, Sir.

*King.*

*King.* To *Ethelwold* his Freedom I restore.  
You'll meet?

*Alfr.* I will.—You'll not recall this Grant?

*King.* My Promise firm as Fates Decree shall stand.  
A King's word I gage.

*Alfr.* If from me you want a Pledge,  
Sir, in assurance take my hand—

*Enter Aldernald.*

*King.* Come, *Aldernald*, be thou a Witness,  
With what severity I treat my self;  
That robb'd of all my happiness, resolve to lose  
The pleasure of Revenge, and neither to complain,  
Nor punish the Offender.

*Ald.* The noblest conquest is o're our selves.

*King.* You left me a King, an angry Jove,  
Then I held Thunder in my hand,  
Of which *Alfreda* has disarm'd me; now  
Onely to my self I am a Tyrant.

Go,—let *Ethelwold* have his Enlargement,  
Tell him my after-rage he need not fear,  
My Passions I enslave, and him let loose  
To play the luxurious Wanton, in the yet  
Untasted pleasures of thy fair Sisters love.

*Ald.* 'Tis a less glory to conquer Kingdoms,  
Than thus to subdue our Passions.

*King.* Now fair cruel one, let him enjoy thy Love,  
Whilst I in secret mourn my unkind Fate.  
If any Sigh by chance shall reach thy Ear,  
Let it not breed disquiets in you,  
For after this your pity will be vain,  
Nor will I of your cruelty complain.

[Exit King.]

*Alfr.* So, this hard Task is o're.

*Ald.* I know not which has most generous been,  
You *Alfreda* to intreat, or the King  
To grant a Pardon, for both alike were injur'd.

*Alfr.* *Ethelwold* perhaps will make but an ill Return,  
Advise him to correct his jealous temper,  
For Jealousie is the restless worm of the Brain.

As

As Guilt is of the Conscience,  
Full of causeless fears and apprehensions.

*Ald.* This Act of Virtue will compose his thoughts,  
And wipe away his fears,—but  
Remit the management of this to me,  
I'll undertake to cure his Jealousie. [Exit,

*Alfr.* I am run into a Labyrinth of dangers,  
And know not which way to escape:

The Queen is suspicious, the King amorous,  
My Husband jealous.—To gain him Liberty,  
I have engag'd to meet the King to night:  
If I do not, I fear his anger will relapse;  
If I do, I expose my Honour.—

Unfortunate state! I have no Guide,  
No Counsellor if I erre.—Malicious Fortune  
Has so contriv'd it,—the fault must be all  
My own,—let Heaven, that knows my Innocence,  
Take care of it.

*Enter the Queen and Ladies.*

The Queen brings anger in her brow:  
I'll stand the shock.—

*Queen.* Ladies, why do you follow me?  
Why do you press on my Retirement?

*1 Lady.* Madam, you are melancholly;  
We hope our company may divert it.

*Queen.* Why this care of me? why to me so kind?

*2 Lad.* It is our duty, Madam.

*Queen.* Your duty, to whom?

*2 Lady.* To you, Madam.

*Queen.* Why, who am I?

*1 Lad.* You are the Queen, Madam.

*Queen.* The Queen? how you all mistake?

There is the Queen, you misplace your Service;  
Go attend on her, that is the Queen.

You seem not to believe me—

Doth not the whole Court bow to her?

Do they not in Crowds follow her?

What State, what Train have I? who follows me  
Except your selves? Foolish Virgins,

There



There make your Court !

*Alfr.* She is much troubled in mind, and her discontent  
Reflects on me with great severity.

*Queen.* Go, be Attendants there ; blest with her influence  
You'll pass through merry Spheres, she'll conduct you  
To Courts of State, and Palaces of delight,  
Where Kings shall make Love, and Princes court you ;  
Where all the year is spent in Balls, Masques, Treats,  
And your whole lives in pleasures melt away.

*Alfr.* My Soul, stand firm to generous Resolutions.  
It is not noble to insult o're Grievs.

*Queen.* I shall lead you but to silent Grotto's,  
To lonely Walks, and melancholly Groves,  
The Recesses of the Forsaken and Afflicted,  
Places fit onely to sigh and mourn in,  
Where rapt in serious contemplation,  
I shall a while forget my sorrows,  
And though I weep, and sigh, not know I do.

*Alfr.* The King's late Resolutions impress'd  
These mournful characters so deeply on her heart.

*1 Lad.* Let us still follow her. [*Ex. Queen and Ladies.*]

*Alfr.* I have o'recome all that was Woman in me.  
Inspir'd by my injuries, I could severely  
Have retorted,—But that had been too  
Womanish.—The wrongs thou didst were  
In obedience to a Father,—thy Ignorance  
In part excuses the Guilt.  
But here he comes—

*Enter Ruthin.*

Whose confederacy was malice and design,  
For he knew the secrets of the King's soul.  
Sir, I have heard the Queen lament,  
And seen her Grievs.

How soon they're grown to an excess!

*Ruth.* Tides blown by strong winds role in apace,  
And quickly swell above their banks.  
Her sorrow is already next distraction,  
And just breaking o're the bounds of Reason.

*Alfr.* The expressions of her Discontent were such

As call'd my Honour into question,  
And arraign'd my Virtue.

*Ruth.* There needs no greater evidence to shew  
The sudden discomposure of her mind,  
Than her Doubts of Virtue, that is guarded  
By duty and obedience to a Father:  
By the Glories of a Family,  
None more Noble, none more Ancient;  
By Love and Friendship to a Brother,  
By his acquir'd Fame and high Renown,  
By Faith and Loyalty to a Husband,  
And Conjugal affection. —

*Alfr.* True, my Lord.

*Ruth.* Though urg'd by Love and Inclination,  
No Lady but would mak't her choice  
Rather to sacrifice her life to Virtue,  
And die the Martyr of her Passions,  
Than part with Honour, when the loss of it  
Would taint her whole blood, and entail disgrace  
On two such Great and Noble Families.

*Alfr.* Right my Lord —

*Ruth.* For such a deed the present Age in Songs  
Would celebrate her Shame, and History  
To after-ages bear her memory  
With long Traditions of her Infamy,  
And on her name fix an eternal Blot.

*Alfr.* Through these aggravations I perceive  
Your fears, my Lord, but know, that I have yet  
Than these a stronger Guard, my Virtue.  
Perchance some Lady of a common temper  
Gladly would embrace the fair occasion,  
Grow proud of her interest, and meanly  
Insult o're you, a Husband, and a Queen,  
And count such Revenge glorious.  
But my Thoughts are more transcendent,  
*Ethelwold* already owes his life to me.  
My Lord, come with me to the Queen,  
I have something to impart to her and you  
Will ease your minds of half your fears,  
And take away your mean Suspicions.

If ought I can contribute to her peace  
 I'll do it, the Revenge I prosecute  
 Shall be to make you all asham'd,  
 And blush at your so vulgar apprehensions. [Exit.]

*Rush.* Virtue may protect her, but her absence  
 Is th' onely remedy against the King's love:  
 Be her Absence then decreed, be it,  
 The constant subject of my meditation. [Exit.]

*Enter Oswald and Durzo.*

*Osw.* But, Captain, you should first have parlied,  
 And demanded satisfaction fairly.  
 Did you think to take her heart by storm,  
 As men do Towns?

*Durzo.* It was more like a Soldier.

*Osw.* But not like a Lover. Love is a gentle Passion—  
 Here she comes, you had best steer a new course.

*Enter Hillaria.*

*Hill.* What, in the dumps, Captain?

*Osw.* He's in a contemplation of Love.

*Hill.* Let not such idle thoughts trouble your head,  
 I am almost weary on't my self.

*Durzo.* Say you so?

*Hill.* Yes, you and I will be friends for all that:  
 Such a trifle as Love shall break no squares.

*Durzo.* There's the Devil of Love now.  
 Had she been as forward as I am,  
 I had been indifferent as she is;  
 That is one Experiment I have made in this Voyage.

*Hill.* When Lovers pause, it is a sign Love cools;  
 And since you know not what to think on't,  
 E'en let us fairly part stakes—I will have  
 My heart agen, and you shall have yours;  
 Thus we'll make a handsom Retreat,  
 And so Captain tack about to the next.

*Osw.* A fair proposal.

H

*Durzo.*

*Dwrz.* But by your leave, in the faith of a Soldier, I judge it  
 'Tis more honourable to stand in to rights,  
 Than to make a Tacque, and say and sing  
 The Devil's head off.—  
 I will judge of Love by the Rules of Honour,  
 Therefore sink or swim I'll bear up close with you.

*Hill.* I like a man of resolution well,  
 Then give me thy hand, my trusty Tarpolin,  
 You shall find me no Flincher neither. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Ethelwold, and Aldernald.*

*Eth.* Which ought I most to admire,  
 The King's high act of Clemency,  
 Or *Alfreda's* unexampled Generosity?  
 Revenge had been a milder punishment  
 For conscious of the Injuries I have done,  
 I cannot without blushes meet his Pardon,  
 Or her Love, and must wear a Shame about me,  
 As lasting as the memory of these Favours.

*Ald.* You acknowledge the wrongs done to the King?

*Eth.* With so great a sense of sorrow,  
 That were not thy Sister a Heaven of Blessings,  
 My Penitence would rob me of future joy.

*Ald.* Nor do you longer doubt my Sister's virtue?

*Eth.* Her Virtue rather makes me doubt,  
 That I have sinn'd beyond repentance,  
 Offending so much Innocence—  
 Oh that 'twere permitted we might exchange,  
 Or could recall our Matrimonial Vows,  
 Then would I, to appear grateful,  
 Resign my interest in *Alfreda*  
 To the King, and to both be just.

*Ald.* To them you cannot, but to me you may.

*Eth.* The injuries I have done your Family,  
 Are too great to be repair'd.

*Ald.* They are then too great to be forgiven—  
 But to the brave, no wrongs can be above  
 The satisfaction of the Sword,—That is the  
 Justice, That the Requital I demand. *Eth.*

*Eth.* The King and *Alfreda* are generous Examples;

Will *Aldernald* let his noble bet

*AC* 'Twas in them a more Glorious Act  
To pardon than to punish, but in me  
Forgiveness is dishonourable. I am free  
To call thee to a strict account: thy Lyes  
rais'd thoughts in my breast, which like a Nest  
Of Snakes, shot their poysonous Stings  
At my Prince's Virtue: Thy Falsties  
Fool'd me to Actions, which I blush to own.  
Come on, the Valiant ne're capitulate.

*Eth.* If I appear to want a courage,  
Or my arm but feebly guide my Sword,  
Think 'tis the love I bear thy Sister  
Directs it slowly to the Brother's heart,  
Within me is a Power that takes your part. [*They fight.*]

*Enter King Alfreda, and Guards.*

*King.* Hold, part 'em.

*Ald.* We are prevented.

*Alfr.* Oh my Lord, you bleed!

*Eth.* To my Breast he has added one wound more,  
The Sister's beauty, and the Brother's valour,  
Alike successful prove.  
Against your Eyes is no resistance,  
Against his Sword no defence.

*King.* What, *Aldernald*, provok'd you to this deed?

*Ald.* Sir, has he not offended?

*King.* I sent you to restore his Liberty,  
I had pardon'd him.

*Ald.* Yes, Sir, Offences done to your self,  
Not those he did our Family:  
He ignobly sought my Sister's love,  
With lies and gross inventions abus'd  
My Fathers ears and mine, and drew me in  
To be his property.

These affronts requir'd my Sword.

*King.* Thy scrupulous Honour has too far engag'd thy valour.



*Ald.* In honour I could not less than fight him.

*Alfr.* Brother, your Presumption was too great,  
When you thought your self concern'd to punish,  
Where the King had mercy shewn.

*Ald.* Forgiveness is in Kings a mercy, 'cause  
They are above us, and have power to punish;  
But when th' Offended and Offenders equal are,  
Forgiveness looks like want of Courage.  
And if you well consider Circumstances,  
You will find, *Alfreds*, he had done wrongs,  
Which the Kings Pardon could not wipe away,  
And those concern'd the honor of our Family;  
For those no one but I was fit to call him  
To account.

*Alfr.* You mistake, those wrongs were mine,  
Till I had declar'd them Injuries,  
They were not so to you—to me belong'd  
The Prerogative to Revenge, or Pardon;  
Nor could your Love, or Hatred claim in him  
An Interest, but subordinate to mine.

*Eth.* Cease, cease this Generous Strife.  
You, *Alfreds*, have too obliging been,  
Me you forgave, and will you not your brother?  
His Crime, if it be one to vindicate  
The honor of his Family, was at least necessary.

*Alfr.* He has been too forward, and assum'd too much,  
A Sister's Husband cannot be a Brother's Enemy,  
'Till he has first declar'd him so.

*Eth.* I onely wish his cause had been less just,  
For I have so offended him, thy Self,  
My King, and Heaven, that if my Death  
Could atone for my Offences,  
I'de beg it from this wound;  
For though thou art a Heaven of Blessings,  
The sence of my Guilt in possessing thee  
Is a torment above the joy I have  
To see my self enrich'd.

*King.* *Aldernald*, your quarrel must end here,  
Let this be the last repentment of your wrong;  
That Generosity, which so highly you

Did applaud in me, now imitate.  
 If in me Forgiveness was a worthy act,  
 'Tis an Example fit for you to follow.

*Ald.* When you command, my obedience  
 Wants not to be prompted by Example,

*Alfr.* My Lord, how do you, how do you feel your wound?

*Eth.* I believe it slight,  
 But with loss of blood grow faint.

*King.* Lead him off—

When the Surgeons have search'd his wounds,  
 Let me, *Alfreda*, from you be inform'd [Guards lead *Ethel-*  
 What their judgments are of the danger. wold off.

*Alfr.* Sir I will not fail.

[*Exit Aldernald.*

*King.* To meet to night in the Garden.

*Alfr.* Yes.

*King.* At the Grotto?

*Alfr.* Yes, Sir, at the Grotto.

*King.* I have perform'd my promise.

*Alfr.* I'll be as punctual.

*King.* This accident lets you command your liberty.

*Alfr.* Which I'll employ in thanking you for *Ethelwold's*.

*King.* When 'tis dark I will expect you.

*Alfr.* When 'tis dark, you shall not expect  
 But find me there.

[*Exit Alfr.*

*King.* Fly fast you lazy minutes,

Swift as my Wishes fly,

And with more nimble wings bear hence the Light.

Let Day resign its Empire soon,

And Night let up it's black Standard.

I am impatient, but why am I so?

What do I hope, design, or what resolve?

Oh I dare not examine my thoughts,

They are yet confus'd and indistinct.

My Wishes are unform'd, my Resolutions

Not quite born; and yet I think, hope, wish,

Design, resolve, but what I know not.

Honour and Love for Victory struggling are,

And make my breast their present seat of War?

[*Exit.*

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

# A& the Fifth. *Scene First.*

*Enter King Ethelwold, Aldernald, Ruthin, Alfreda, and Ladies Attendants.*

*King.* **T**His, *Alfreda*, should have been  
A night of pleasure to you and *Ethelwold*,  
A night of Extasie and Delights;  
But this amorous Conflict must be deferr'd  
Till *Ethelwold* recovers his health.

*Eth.* My wound is slight, the Surgeons  
Have declar'd it so; but with all  
Humble thankfulness I own your care  
Of my health, as an Honour and a Blessing.

*King.* I'de have you meet your Bride in your  
Full strength, in all your vigour.

*Alfr.* Since you have begun to make his health  
Your care; Sir, command him to let it be  
His own chief concern, and not too rashly  
To expose himself abroad.

The open air, late hours, Court-attendance [To *Eth.*  
You should avoid.

*Enter Ruthin at distance.*

*Eth.* Depriv'd of you, how shall I pass this night  
Without sad thoughts and great inquietude?  
Like one just grasping of his long wish'd store  
Of wealth, I am snatch'd back.

*King.* Commit your Lord to my care.  
Good night, *Alfreda*.

*Alfr.* Good night, my Lord.

*Eth.* Soft and gentle slumbers close your Eyes.

*Ald.* Your Wedding night is yet to come.

[*Exit Alfreda and Ladies.*

*Eth.* How many unexpected accidents, retard a  
Lover's progress, and delay his bliss?

*King.* To divert your thoughts from Melancholly,  
And to give my own mind a Truce from cares,

We'l

We'll pass one hour at Chess,  
 You have excellent cunning in that Game;  
 I have many nights try'd the Experiment,  
 And found it 'gainst the minds distempers  
 A most prevailing remedy. — Come,  
 I know your sleep will be more sound and quiet. [Exeunt]

*Ruth.* My Lord all this is design. *Ald. & Osw.*  
 The King and *Alfreda* have appointed  
 A private meeting this night in the Garden,  
 Near the Marble Grotto.

*Eth.* O subtlety, O woman Devil!

*Ruth.* Be calm, but circumspect.

This my friendship obliged me to discover.

*Eth.* I thank you for your intelligence.

*Ruth.* No ceremony, but away.

*Eth.* Woman, woman, what art thou but deceit! { *Exit*

*Ruth.* I'll keep him thus alarm'd, his Jealousie { *Eth.*

May rouse his fury to some desperate act.

From Court this will induce him to remove her,

Perhaps he may think Heaven a fit place for her. [Exit.

*Scene 2d. Enter Oswald and Durzo.*

*Osw.* Well met, Captain, how go squares  
 Now 'twixt you and your Mistress?

*Durz.* She has sent me a Letter here,  
 I wanted you to read it to me.

*Osw.* Cannot you read?

*Durz.* Neither write nor read, 'tis out of my Element:  
 The Sea breeds Soldiers, but not Scholars.

*Osw.* You shall hear it then.

[Oswald reads the Letter.

*My roaring Boy, I am love no longer at your fierce rate, my heart is sailing under another Convoy, give Chase to a fresh Mistress, I am making all Sail after a new Rigg'd Gallant, and now bid you defiance, and so a boom Voyage to you, Captain, and Farewell.*  
*Hilaria.*

*Durz.* What, turn'd Renegade?

*Osw.* Short warning, this.

*Durz.* Steal away like a cowardly Enemy in a dark night.

*En.*

*Enter Hillaria, and Alicia, led over the Stage by two Courtiers.*

*Osw.* See, she's not out of Hemisphere,  
Give her chase, you see how she's mann'd.

*Durz.* Meer' Hulls of men.

*Osw.* They Tack about agen.

*Hill.* How dejected my Lover looks, now I've taken  
Away his Commission!

*1 Court.* Captain, what think you?

*Durz.* Think I.

*1 Court.* Of Love?

*Durz.* As of Folly.

*2 Court.* Is it not a fine Pastime?

*Durz.* Yes for fools.

*1 Court.* What think you of Women?

*Durz.* As of light Sailers.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, he.

*Osw.* That Shot hits you 'twixt wind and water.

*Durz.* Or as of Ships that want Ballast,  
That are toss'd about with every Wave,  
And cannot be steer'd in any true course.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, he.

*Durz.* Do you play with my anger?  
Am I so tame to be laugh'd at?

Sure I have seem'd more terrible,  
When with this Sword I have lopt off limbs,  
Strew'd the Decks with Carcasses, turn'd Fleets  
To floating Hospitals, sent Navies to their Ports  
To cut down Masts, and hew the Timber of their  
Shattered Vessels into wooden Legs and Crutches,  
To underprop the Criples they brought home.  
Love, hast thou disarm'd my Looks of Manhood?  
Phew—with that Gale be gone.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, he.

*Durz.* Are you laughing agen? have amongst you Picca-  
rooms.

*Osw.* Hold Captain, what do you mean?

*Durz.* I'll shatter their Tacklin,—

*Osw.*



*Ofw.* Let 'em go, they are not worth pursuit.

*Hill.* Come on, bold Captain, if you are for fighting,  
See here your Enemy.

*Durc.* Beauty, that raises Storms of Love,  
Allays those of Anger; you the Object,  
I can look my self into a Calm.

*Hill.* Captain, you have a Quailm coming  
O're your stomach, you are either Sea-sick,  
Or Love-sick still.

*Alic.* Captain, Love is still in Port, he went not out  
With that strong Puff.

*Ofw.* No, Love has not yet weigh'd Anchor.

*Hill.* Captain, if you are not for fighting, let  
Me know what you think of Love in good earnest.

*Durc.* Love is a Sea, a dangerous Sea,  
Where Wind and Tide are still contrary.  
Men are the Barks that venture out,  
Whose ruines still its waves conspire.

*Alic.* But what are women in this Ocean, Captain?

*Durc.* You are Pirates that rob us of our hearts:  
You are *Laplanders*, that give us a fair wind  
To leave safe Harbours, and when we're out at Sea  
Make it swell to a Tempest to drown us.  
I have out-rid the Storm, thanks to my  
Lusty Vessel, and now being gotten safe into  
Harbour, can look back and say,  
Yonder I had like to have suffer'd Wreck.

*Ofw.* Well said, Captain, you have given the women  
A whole Broad-side.

*Hill.* For all that, I see he's but a Fresh-water  
Lover yet; now you think your self past danger,  
You are in greatest peril to be cast away.  
What think you, if that Letter, which rais'd  
This Tempest, was but a plot to see  
How my Lover could brook a Rival.

*Ofw.* What Wind do you call this? By what Point  
Of the Compass will you sail now?

*Durc.* I think I had best tack about agen  
And make what hast I can to fall  
In a Stern of her.

*Hill.* That it was so, here's my hand on't.  
Now if you dare put off to Sea agen,  
My heart shall run the Risque with yours  
In all adventures.

*Alic.* 'Tis very true, this plot was but to try your love.

*Durz.* Why then I'll count my self your Lover still.  
And if the wind hold thus fair for me  
You'll quickly lie by the Lee. [To Oswald.

*Osw.* You are not quite undeceiv'd yet,  
She's not my Mistress but my Sister.

*Durz.* If you are not my Rival, I fear no Reprizal.

*Alic.* You must reckon our two Gallants your Enemies  
No more, their Rivalship is ended.

*Hill.* They have struck Sail to you;  
You now with Triumph in Love's Ocean steer,  
Calm is the Sea, and from all Pirates clear. [Exeunt.

*The Scene opens, and discovers the King and Ethelwold playing  
in a Chess, Countess looking on. After a while, enter  
Oswald and Durz.*

*Osw.* How stands the Game?

*i Court.* The Earl won the first.

But of this the King has the advantage.

*King.* Sit down, and play my Game, if this end  
Before my Return, begin another, *Oswald.* [Exeunt the King  
and Oswald.

*A Countess sits down to play.*

*After a while Ethelwold rises.*

*Eth.* Cousen, I'll trust my Game to your management;  
Pray use your skill 'till my Return. [Exit.

[Another Countess sits down to play. The Scene  
shuts upon them.

*Scene 4th. Enter the Queen and Alfred in the Garden.*

*Queen.* This Secret you have reveal'd, takes from me  
All suspicions of your Virtue.  
I have not now one jealous thought of you,

But

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But the King will does, and will love you.

*Alfr.* But after this night I will no more  
Be seen at Court, not that I doubt my Virtue  
Or my Courage; no, Madam, 'tis for your sake  
I go, because I know my absence will with  
More speed and ease restore you to the King's love:  
I would else stand my ground, and my Virtue  
Should from this Trial grow exemplar.

*Queen.* Let the excess of love I bear the King  
Excuse the wrongs my Jealousies have done,  
Which are so much the greater, because  
The Virtue they have offended is so highly eminent.

*Alfr.* That my Honour may not receive a blemish  
From this night's private conference,  
I have intreated your presence in the Garden,  
Assisted by the darkness of the night,  
You may, unperceiv'd by the King,  
Hear our Discourse, and thence know his intents.

*Queen.* My heart is on the sudden much oppress'd,  
Something fills my mind with sad prelages,  
And makes me grow suspicious of th' ovent.

*Alfr.* Those thoughts are the dictates of your Melancholly.

*Queen.* I would fain retreat.

*Alfr.* Oh Madam, let me importune your stay,  
To witness for me, if by any chance  
Our meeting be discover'd, that nothing past  
Injurious to my Lord, or unworthy  
A Ladies publick vindication.

*Queen.* Hark, I heard the Garden-gate clap too.

*Alfr.* He is coming, stand conceal'd. [*The Queen absconds.*]

*Enter the King and Oswold in disguise, with a dark Lion-  
thorn, and a naked Sword.*

*King.* Here, expect my Return.

*Alfr.* Who's there?

[*To Oswold.*]

*King.* 'Tis I, the King, Oh my *Alfred*,  
Oh most blest and happy minute of my life!

*Alfr.* Why are you, Sir, so much rejoyc'd?

*King.* How sweet are stolen minutes in love!

Of this kind compliance That be the Reward.

[Puts a Casket of Jewels into Alfreda's hand.]

*Alfr.* What is it, Sir?

*King.* A rich Present of Jewels,  
Wealth enough to purchase a Kingdom,  
Or ransom a Captive Monarch.

*Alfr.* To receive so rich a Present from you  
Will surely bring my Honour into question,  
And to my Husband's Jealousies  
Add the censures of the world.

*King.* Take 'em, and with 'em take my heart.  
Take me a King, one that has power  
To authorize and justify his Love,  
One that will be thy Lover and Protector.

*Alfr.* Sir, I have now a Lover, and Protector,  
That has than yours a more unlimited Power.

*King.* Than mine?

*Alfr.* My honour forfeited, your Power can weak  
Defence afford. None to my face perchance  
May dare to call me Strumpet, but in  
Their hearts they'll brand me with that Title,  
And there call you Tyrant. Now I have  
Heaven for my Protector; Heaven, that  
Protects the virtuous, and the innocent.

*King.* Sin repeated, and to a Habit grown,  
Removes us from the state of Virtue,  
But one single act will not destroy  
Thy Innocence.

*Alfr.* For ever it would blot my Soul, and  
Darken my honour.

*King.* The world shall never know it.

*Alfr.* It never shall, for I will never——

*King.* Oh hold——

*Alfr.* What wou'd you Sir?

*King.* Lead me to thy Apartment,  
And there make satisfaction for  
*Ethelwold's* Crimes. I would have thee  
Give thy self up to me, and love.

*Alfr.* Your discourse is too urging,  
I can no longer bear it.

*King.*

*King.* Speak lower.

*Alfr.* Let them speak low that speak amiss;  
I speak what I ought, and fear not to be heard.

*King.* Are you then resolv'd not to comply?

*Alfr.* From a woman of my quality  
That Question for an Answer merits Silence or Death.

*King.* Comply then, and kill me after.

*Alfr.* No, kill me first, and live in peace; kill me,  
And with my blood quench your unlawful fires.

*King.* Behold a King that languishes,  
A King that courts you with  
His Wealth and State, and to your merits  
Dedicates his Life and Honours.

*Alfr.* Oh King, Here at your feet a wretched woman falls,  
That with her tears and prayers beseeches you,  
That asks for nothing but her Liberty;  
And, except her honour, gives you all,  
And to ransom That, offers her life.

*King.* Without that you give me nothing.

*Alfr.* I give you all I can.

*King.* Your love——

*Alfr.* That is my Husband's Right.

*King.* He is a Traitor, and his life is mine.

*Alfr.* Your Pardon has acquitted him.

*King.* He is still in my power; his Life,  
And your Honour are at my mercy.

*Alfr.* Your word is past and cannot be recall'd.

*King.* I am a King, and can do what I please:  
And now, *Alfreda*, as a King I speak,  
I love, and must enjoy.

*Alfr.* Since as a King you have declar'd your mind,  
And as Monarch of these Dominions,  
I will return you my Answer,  
As I am a Queen of my own free Will,  
And Mistress of my Affections.  
Your Love from me shall meet with no return:  
If me you love, with hopeless fires you burn.

*King.* I can act too as a King, but in deeds  
You want power to shew your self a Queen.



See there——

[Gives a sign. Oswald at a distance shows a Light, and a naked Sword.]

*Alfr.* What means this Sight?

*King.* See there the fate of Traitors,  
Of such Traitors as is *Ethelwold*.

*Alfr.* What shall I do?

*King.* Besides the fate that threatens him, consider  
You are a Woman, alone, defenceless,  
I have Power, have Followers, and am resolute.  
Retreat not, you are guarded on every side.

*Alfr.* Sir, I request one favour.

*King.* What is it?

*Alfr.* Sir, give me but my choice which to part with,  
My Honour, or my Life.

*King.* Life must not be at your dispose.  
I love, I burn, and must quench my Flame.

*Alfr.* If I consent not, what can you do?

*King.* Force you.

*Alfr.* who values not life, fears not force.

*King.* Force must prevail.

*Alfr.* Then force oppos'd by force must be  
The remedy. You are resolv'd to attempt my Honour?

*King.* I am resolv'd to procure my peace.

*Alfr.* To this then I owe my deliverance [Puls out a dagger.  
To this, which my care provided for a refuge.

Come, begin your assault.

Come Sir, make your Amorous approaches.

See, I'm ready to receive your Embraces.

*King.* What art thou doing, my Life?

Oh *Alfreda*, what are your intentions?

*Alfr.* Approach not, if you do,  
You press this forward to my heart.

Tho you'd not grant me my choice which to part with,  
Life or Honour, yet I'll give you your freedom,  
To see me live with honour, or with honour die.

If, barbarous man, I snatch my life from thee,  
My Honour will eternally be safe.

*King.* Oh cruel one, what do I behold?

*Alfr.* A woman that has courage above her Sex,  
And honour equal to the best.

You

You behold a Ladies hand arm'd against  
Her own soft breast, and ready  
T' encounter Death to 'scape thy Tyranny;  
One that by death will immortalize her Name.

*King.* Unheard of bravery!

*Alfr.* Pause not but away, hence,  
Or this minute is my last.

*Resolve with speed, for I am resolute.*

*King.* I would not kill thee, cruel one.

*Alfr.* Begone then, Sacrilegious man!

*King.* If in despair I part, I die.

*Alfr.* Your longer stay kills me.

*King.* Live, and I'll be gone.

*Alfr.* Be gone, that I may live.

*King.* She has a hardned Virtue, she's brave  
To the last degree.

*Alfr.* If you return, this posture I resume.

*King.* Grant me, *Alfreda*, one request.

*Alfr.* It must be very small.

*King.* Consent I may leave thee a few minutes,  
And find thee here at my return.

In my absence think on *Esbeold's* Treason;

Think by his guilt how wretched I am made;

That some atonement for his crimes should be;

That for his grant of life thou art indebted.

*Alfr.* I will.

*King.* Love is the sum I ask.

This night let me be blest with thy Embraces;

And after live ever free from importunities.

*Alfr.* Sir?

*King.* A sudden answer cannot be favourable.

Keep it back 'till my return; but then

Let thy first words declare thy Resolution.

*Alfr.* They shall. [*Alfreda enters the Grotn. The King*

*is galled goes to Osbold. Osbold appears.*

*King.* Thy unalterable Resolution.

*Osbold?*

*Os.* Sir.

*King.* She's invincible.

What other woman could have stood this test?

Calms

Calms delude her not, nor Storms affright her,  
Go, bring *Ethelwold* into the Garden ;  
I'll act it o're again, let him stand conceal'd,  
Tell him I do this to give him a proof,  
That his past Suspensions wrong'd her Virtue,  
And to root out remaining jealousies,  
Find out her Brother too.

[Enter *Alicia* with Lights. *Aldernald* and  
*Matilda* at a distance.

What Lights are these ?

*Alic.* Go forward with your Lights  
To the Princes Lodgings. [Exit Lights.

*Osw.* The Princess is going to bed,  
And *Aldernald* attends her cross the Garden.

*King.* Go quickly, bring *Ethelwold* here,  
I'll speak to him my self. [Exit *Oswald*.

*Ald.* Love has the the same dimensions as our Souls ;  
It's as impossible that either should admit  
Degrees, as Parts.

*Mat.* Yes, *Aldernald*, I want no Arguments to convince me  
That a real Lover's flame breaks forth like  
Lightning, in a moment, and at one flash  
Shews all that Heaven inflam'd in which it is.

*Ald.* This obliging acknowledgment makes my hopes  
Grow up to confidence, that as you have done me  
An Act of Grace, with circumstances so  
Convincing, to give my Passion Language,  
And to raise my humble thoughts to an  
Aspiring flame, that now you will compleat  
My happiness, and let me here receive  
Assurance, that this presumption of my love  
Is not esteem'd a Crime.

*Mat.* In my blushes you may read my mind,  
They too officiously betray my heart,  
And like the Flag set up in Towns besieg'd,  
Give joyful notice of Surrender.

*Ald.* The blessings this minute gives, are greater  
Than all my former life e're knew.

*King.* Their conference will hold too long.  
[The King makes a noise.

*Mat.*

*Mat.* What noise was that?

*Ald.* I heard some one tread!

*Mat.* Quickly let's shift our ground,  
Or rather quit me here, that we may not  
Be surpriz'd together, and our love from  
Thence discours'd in publick. [*The King treads again.*]

*Ald.* The noise is that way, this leads to your Lodgings.

*Mat.* I'll find the way alone.

*Ald.* Let me not lose one step of this pleasant Journey,  
And by the way I'll make you Vows, shall shew  
My love of an Immortal birth.

[*Exeunt Aldernald and Matilda. The King follows them.*]

*Enter the Queen and Alfreda.*

*Queen.* They are gone.

*Alfr.* It was Aldernald's voice.

*Queen.* 'Twas he and the Princess, Success attend their  
Vows. But what do you resolve on? the King  
Will soon return.

*Alfr.* I have found the means, he shall meet a kind  
Reception, when he finds me compliant to his love  
Hee'll be all on fire, and in eager haste  
Hurry me away; I'll speak to him,  
And to all he says return an Answer.  
But when he leads me off I'll step back,  
And into his hand put yours:  
The Night is favourable to our design,  
'Tis very dark; me he shall court,  
But you he must enjoy.

*Queen.* A fainting joy spreads gently o're my breast,  
But how can that approach my heart  
In the crowd of so many fears?

*Ald.* Madam, be comforted, your Embraces have charms  
Will re-instate you in his love,  
Make him repent his rash unlawful Oath,  
And establish a blest peace betwixt you.

*Queen.* I fear the deceit will more enrage him.

*Alfr.* It cannot, at least your issue, if it successful

Prove to that degree, will inherit his Crown.

*Queen.* Hark, I hear a noise in the Garden.

*Alfr.* Be near me, let me hold your hand in mine;  
When I deliver you to his, suffer your self  
To be led in the dark to my Apartment.

*Queen.* You instruct, and Love persuades me to comply.

*Enter Ethelwold.*

*Eth.* No Whisper yet has reach'd my Ear,  
They're very still in their Amours.  
Oh they cannot vent their breath for Kisses;  
They are close, close, and silent,  
I am near the place.

*Alfr.* Sir, is it you?

*Eth.* 'Tis I.

*Alfr.* I fear my late Repulse has much incens'd you;  
That it has arm'd your Love with Rage,  
And now that you return with fiercer resolutions,  
And more determin'd to execute your purpose.  
But now with love alone make your approach,  
For since your departure, I have considered  
Your promise, which o'comes my obstinacy.  
Pardon me, Sir, for first transgressions  
Are not without great reluctancy.  
From one bred up in the strict Rules of Virtue;  
Honour parts not without strong convulsions,  
As life from men by nature strong and  
Healthful, If this night I yield to your Embraces,  
Will you no more disturb my quiet?  
Shall I not again be urg'd by you  
To wrong my Honour, and my Lord?

*Eth.* Never.

*Alfr.* Shall your Hate not persecute him,  
Nor your Love me? Shall both then live in peace?

*Eth.* Ever.

*Alfr.* This one thing more, Sir, you must promise,  
Remov'd from hence to use no more discourse,  
Lest your voice betray my Honour;  
Nor expect any light in my Apartment:

Let



Let all be done in silence and in darkness;  
 Now I have consented I hate the light,  
 And should you see my face, you'd find it all confus'd,  
 Let Night conceal my Blushes and my Guilt.

*Eth.* It shall.

*Enter King and Aldernald.*

*Alfreda puts the  
 Queen's hand into  
 his, and changes places.*

*King.* Oswold's not yet return'd?

*[Ethelwold kisses the Queen's hand, and draws  
 out a Dagger.]*

*Ald.* This may better *Ethelwold's* opinion  
 Of her, it cannot mine.  
 What she has already done, is proof enough  
 To me, and should be so to him.

*Alfr.* Now, Sir, take my hand, and as you please  
 Dispose of me, but take care to preserve my Honour.

*Eth.* I will.

*[Pistols, the Queen.]*

Die, false lascivious Woman.

*[She falls.]*

*Queen.* Oh I am kill'd.

*Alfr.* Oh Murder Treason, Treason Murder!

*Ald.* Treason—

*King.* Guards—

*Alfr.* Treason—

*Ald.* Retire, Sir, I'll stand 'twixt you and danger.

*King.* Lights, lights—

*[The King goes off.]*

*Ald.* Who's there? stand.

*Eth.* I will not.

*Ald.* Stand, or dye.

*Eth.* Avoid, be gone.

*Ald.* Who e're thou art, thou shalt.

*[They fight.]*

*Alfr.* Oh Madam speak! Oh she's dead!

*Ald.* Thy Career is stopt,

*[Eth. falls.]*

We shall see who thou art.

*Alfr.* I heard Swords clash—Oh my fears!

*Ald.* Who's there?

*Alfr.* A Woman half dead with fear!

*Ald.* Is not that *Alfreda's* voice?

*Alfr.* Brother!

*Ald.* What's the matter?

*Alfr.* Oh the Queen, the Queen is murder'd!

*Ald.* Here then lies the Murderer.

*Alfr.* Oh what have you done! you have kill'd the King!

*Ald.* The King?

*Enter Matilda, Ladies, and Lights at one door. The King, Oswald, Durzo, Courtiers and Guards, at the other.*

*Osw.* What Cryes are these?

*Alfr.* The Queen is murder'd!

*Mat.* Murder'd——She's dead! [*Runs to the body.*]

*Ald.* See, the King is safe.

*Alfr.* The Innocent then is fal'n by your hand,  
And the guilty Murderer lives,  
Tyrant, Barbarian, Murderer!

*King.* Why this unjust Accusation?

*Alfr.* Me you thought you had murder'd,  
But the mistake proves yet more fatal  
Than your Intention, there behold your Queen,  
The best of Women, murder'd!

*King.* Murder'd, by whom? had he ten thousand lives,  
My revenge should reach 'em all.

*Alfr.* Oh rare Dissembler!

*Osw.* This is my Lord *Ethelwold*.

*Alfr.* My Husband slain too, Oh Monster, Monster!  
Oh my dear Lord!—— [*Runs to embrace Eth.*]

*Eth.* False Woman——

*King.* Whence proceeds all this?  
Who can clear this Riddle?

*Eth.* If any can, quickly let 'em speak  
Before my little breath that's left is spent;  
I would not die in so much ignorance.

*Ald.* Attempting your flight, you  
Fell by my Sword. [*To Eth.*]

*Alfr.* And the Queen by thy barbarous hand. [*To the King.*]  
Mistaking her for me, you kill'd her.

*Eth.* I struck that blow to punish thy Lust [*To Alfreda.*]  
And Falshood.

*Alfr.* Now I find the Fatal error.  
After you left me at the Grotto, Sir,  
To think what Answer I should give your love,

Which

Which you had urg'd with so much violence,  
 I resolv'd to feign a kind compliance,  
 Thinking it was you that return'd,  
 I put the Queen into his hand, whom my  
 Intreaties had drawn into the Garden,  
 And who by my Persuasions there stood ready  
 To be lead off in the dark instead of me.

*Eth.* What dost hear?

*King.* You conspir'd my breach of Vows—

*Alfr.* Them we judg'd unlawful, we hop'd  
 Her Embraces might reconcile your love,  
 And call home your wandering loose affections.

*Eth.* Oh Innocence! what Expiation can I make!

*Alfr.* Live, live my Lord.

*Eth.* My Death's ascertain'd, and the time draws nigh;  
 Oh had I dy'd this truth unreveal'd,  
 The joys of Heaven could not have made me blest.

*King.* I grieve the Tragical Event,  
 Here are some can witness my Innocence;  
 I came to make a tryal of thy Virtue,  
 And if I found it absolute, to send for  
 Thy Husband, and thy Brother  
 In their hearing, to act the Scene o're again.  
 In *Ethelwold's* breast I was sure  
 The leas of Jealousie were yet remaining.  
 When I retired, 'twas not with expectation  
 Or desire that thou should'st change thy mind,  
 But to accomplish that Design. *Oswald* I sent

To call thy Husband, where I thought  
 I had fix'd him, and in the interim  
 I declar'd thus much to you, *Aldernald*.

*Ald.* You did, Sir.

*King.* But how came *Ethelwold* to the unlucky  
 And untimely knowledge of our meeting?

*Eth.* My Lord *Ruthin* discover'd that to me.

*Alfr.* And I to him.

*Eth.* His Discovery waken'd my Jealousie.

*King.* And of all this mischief is the cause.

*Ruth.* How strangely Fate baffles humane Reason  
 In all designs man's Prudence frames,

And

And where our Wisdom most labours for success! Let us our greatest disappointments meet.

*Eth.* Give me thy hand, *Alfreda*, that I may give thee  
That e're I am depriv'd of the Glory,  
I may dispose of what I could not merit.  
With my last breath, Sir, I bequeath her to You;  
Accept the Legacy, — I resign her,  
As dying Penitents restore ill-gotten Wealth.

*King.* Thy Penitence to Heaven is not more grateful  
Than this Gift to me!

*Eth.* The Fatal minute crowds on apace.  
If in my death, *Alfreda*, you permit  
I retain an Interest in you, Love the King,  
For I am Thine no more —

*Alfr.* Ah my Lord!

*King.* Curs'd Instrument, here behold the end [To *Ruthin*.  
Of all thy Pollices: Here see the painted bubble of Ambition  
Broken, and all thy Hopes dash'd to air!

*Ruth.* Nothing remains in the world I value now:  
In a Cloyster I'll spend the remainder of my life,  
Where I'll thank Heaven, which timely lets me see  
How fruitless and how vain are Earthly hopes.

*Alfr.* Ah Sir, he's dead, no Sigh nor breath remains!

*King.* *Alfreda*, weep not.  
Each precious drop that falls from your bright eyes,  
Will raise in me an envy of his death.

*Alfr.* I know your heart does feel a tenderness.

*King.* His and the Queen's death I grieve,  
But Fate's hand was in't, and Justice  
Seem'd to strike the blow.  
Forbear thy tears, and now only remember  
Thou art his Legacy.

*Alfr.* To requite that Generous act, I ask Supplies  
To found a Monastery o're the place of his Interment.

*King.* 'Tis granted: This more I'll do to merit thee.  
Blush not, *Matilda*, nor wonder, *Alderlnald*, { *King takes Ald.*  
If uniting thus your hands, I reveal { and *Matilda's*  
The Secrets of your hearts. { hands, and joins  
Love of your Souls has a strict union made, em.  
And Vows, which Heaven records, have seal'd it.

This

This I learnt to night from your discourse,  
 Whilst here in the Garden I stood conceal'd.  
 Take her, brave young man.

*Ald.* Here I possess what does transport,  
 And lead my Soul to an *Elizium*.

*King.* Now, *Alfreda*, to my Throne ascend,  
 Bright as the Constellation that shin'd  
 At thy Nativity, and cast its glorious Influence on thee.

*Alfr.* One Month I dedicate to Virgin-Widdow hood,  
 Sir, the rest of my whole life to you.

Captain, why stand you single, are  
 Not you a Lover too?

*Durz.* Yes, and this is the very thing I love.

*Durzo.* To reward your merit, and promote  
 Your Love, we make you our Rear-Admiral.

*Mat. Hillaria*, you must now strike sail to him.

*Hill.* Madam, did not your Example encourage me,  
 I durst not give my heart to a Soldier.

*Durz.* I thank your Grace, now I'll board her to rights.

*Hill.* Now, Captain, we are sailing out of the Haven  
 Of Love, into the tempestuous Sea of Matrimony.

*King.* You must a while forget Wars rough Alarms,  
 Love does invite you to reap gentler Spoils:

To you most kind Fortune the Glory gives  
 In these more pleasing Triumphs to advance,  
 Whilst she delays my happiness. But when

*Alfreda's* month of Widdowhood is past,  
 Our Solemnities shall raise new joys.

Then we with Nuptial Rites will consummate  
 The yet imperfect bounty of our Fate.

F I N I S.



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EPILOGUE.

**F**ain I would ask your Judgements of the Play,  
But you imploy your Wit still the wrong way.  
You reckon up the Faults sho near so small,  
Past by the Good, and so like none at all.  
You Criticks are like Sives, you onely shew  
The Bran, and let the finest Flower run thro.  
But do not now impute it for a Crime,  
That we do mention Gums in Edgar's time;  
Nor let the Critick that is deeply read  
In Baker, Stow, and Hollinhead,  
Cry Dam-me, the Poet is mistaken here,  
For Ethelwold was kill'd hunting the Deer.  
To these Objections thus he bid me say,  
They write a Chronicle, but he a Play.  
Poets may as they please with Truth make bold,  
And Stories to the best advantage mould.  
How easily might the Romans have been,  
By alt'ring Names, or changing of the Scene?  
Tho not these faults, yet others you'd have found;  
Your Censures give to every Play a wound.  
Leave off this finding fault, it spoils Delight;  
Commend what's good, & encourage them that write.  
When ye won a pleasure in enjoyments find,  
Who calls his Mistress's Defects to mind?  
We'll think upon her Charms, the more to raise  
The Fancy to a Pitch;  
As 'tis in Love, so let it be your rule at Playes.

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